



No. 463.—VOL. XXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS LILY HANBURY AS LADY-BLESSINGTON IN "THE LAST OF THE DANDIES,"

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

From a Photograph by the London Stereo-copic Company, Regent Street, W. (See also Pages 294 and 295.)

THE CLUBMAN.

The Prince at the Guildhall—Good Emigrants and Bad—Cadet Corps—A Multitude of Clubs—A Military Class for Princes.

WHY anyone should have been surprised that the Prince of Wales made such an admirable speech on Thursday I do not understand, for, by birth and by training, he should be amongst those who can express themselves happily and fluently. The King has always shown supreme tact in saying the right thing at the right moment and saying it in admirably chosen words, and the Duke of Connaught, though he is rarely heard except at gatherings where the subjects on which he has to speak are formal and kept within rigid limits, is an admirable after-dinner speaker. The Prince has always been an easy, straightforward speaker—and in this he differed from his elder brother, the late Prince Eddy, who found it difficult to speak fluently—and the practice he has had during the past nine months in addressing very various audiences and of choosing his subjects and words to suit his listeners has turned a natural inclination into talented accomplishment.

The phase in the Prince's speech which seems to have struck his auditors most was that in which he urged Great Britain to wake up, lest she should be outstripped by commercial rivals; but I think that of equal importance was His Royal Highness's plea that none but the fittest should be sent to the Colonies from the Mother Country, and the hint that we might do well to train our youths to bear arms, as do our brethren across the sea. One hears continually of a youth in England who will settle down to no employment being shipped to some Colony under the mistaken idea that he may prosper under new conditions. In all the new countries more self-reliance and more self-restraint is required than in the old one, and a loafer at home becomes a worse one in the North-West Territory or the back-blocks of an Australian State. The man who does well in England will make a fortune across the sea; the man who does badly here will sink to depths there that it is ill to think about.

Lord Frankfort and other good soldiers have striven hard to obtain a grant from Parliament to enable our boys and youths to receive an elementary military training while they have leisure in school and college days for much outdoor exercise. The answer of the Government has been that there is no money available. Perhaps the hint given from the stairs of the Throne may soften the heart of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Prince's Skating Club held its first fancy-dress ball of the winter season last night; the Club at Niagara now opens the doors of the rink by St. James's Park to its members every Sunday afternoon; the Grafton Supper Club has begun to give its suppers and entertainments every Saturday in the Galleries, and all the Club entertainments of the winter season are now in full swing. The number of Clubs that a Clubman who is eclectic in his tastes must now belong to is surprising—I had almost written, appalling. He has his big Club, the address of which he puts on his cards and to which his letters are sent. He probably belongs to Pratt's, or one other of the Clubs where supper is the important meal and where men sit late and talk. If he belongs to a profession, he has on his list of Clubs one devoted to the members of his calling. He belongs to a Club—the Wellington, the Park, or the Bachelor's—into which he can bring ladies to dine and lunch; and, to vary the monotony of Saturday and Sunday evenings, he joins the Grafton and the Gallery Clubs. He is a member of at least one good Golf Club, and, as likely as not, has his name on the books of two or three or four Racing Clubs, for Sandown and the other meetings near London can only really be enjoyed when one has the *entrée* of the reserved lawn. Dinner in the summer at Hurlingham or Ranelagh and a drive back is an event of weekly occurrence, and one or the other, or both, of these two Clubs is down on our Clubman's subscription-list, as well as The Welcome at Earl's Court. If our man plays croquet or is an automobilist, he will add Sheen House to his list, and, of course, he belongs to one or two riverside Clubs. If he has theatrical tastes, his name will be put up for the Garrick; and, if he mixes in politics, he is certain, sooner or later, to join one of the great societies in Pall Mall, besides half-a-dozen local associations. The Club of his county town, a Rinking Club, Cricket Clubs, Rowing Clubs, the English Club at his favourite foreign watering-place, all go to swell the list. I asked a typical Clubman who races, dabbles in politics, golfs, and travels, what his subscriptions cost him. He could not answer, he said, without looking at his bank pass-book, but he would not be surprised if the sum was near £300.

I read that the Military Class for Indian Princes has been formed, and that the young men of princely families who are destined eventually to serve His Majesty as officers in the Imperial Service are to attend the manoeuvres during the winter and to study their books at Dehra Dhun, a delightful station, during the summer. The formation of this class, which will, no doubt, eventually be housed in a college, is one of Lord Curzon's experiments. Hitherto, the only outlet for the military energies of the younger members of Indian princely families has been found in commanding the Armies of the independent Rajahs—Armies which could never see service. The Imperial Service Troops, organised from the pick of the Rajahs' Armies by Sir Howard Melliss, gave an opening to some of the Princes and their kinsmen, and now Lord Curzon is clearing for them a wider path.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Prince and Princess of Wales—Gorgeous Holborn—A Hearty Welcome—The Canadian Furs—A Royal Orator—Poor George Lohmann—Money and Disinfectants—The Christmas Shops.

AFTER many years in which such things were rarities, "The Man in the Street" is becoming well accustomed to Royal processions, but, nevertheless, there was no abatement of interest and enthusiasm when the Prince and Princess of Wales went to the City last Thursday for the first time since they have assumed their new titles. Luckily, it was a dry day, though the wind was rather cold, so that we did not find it disagreeable waiting in the streets. The route taken was a new one, and it was amusing to see how the streets looked with their unusual decorations. The Strand and Fleet Street we are accustomed to see beflagged, but in Shaftesbury Avenue and Holborn the banners looked more than a little unusual.

As far as I can remember, Shaftesbury Avenue has never seen a Royal procession since the early day on which the Duke of Cambridge opened the Circus which bears his name, but it made itself gorgeous especially by the theatres, and one shop displayed some old tapestry and suits of armour which were something quite out of the common in street-decoration. Holborn was also splendid, and the Viaduct, with its Venetian masts and Grenadiers and Coldstreams, looked as if it were out for a holiday.

"The Man in the Street" began to show up soon after ten o'clock near St. James's Palace, and even in Oxford Street as early as half-past eleven, though the Prince and Princess were not timed to come till one o'clock. The procession was a short one, as there were only three carriages with outriders and an escort of Life Guards. The carriages came along at a smart trot, and, if on the outward journey the crowd was not uncomfortable, in Waterloo Place the cheering was very hearty and the warmth of the reception all that could have been desired.

I thought that the Prince and Princess looked remarkably well and all the better for their long trip now that they have had a few weeks to rest in. The Prince wore his Admiral's uniform, with a great-coat over it, and the Princess had on splendid furs which, I was told, were some of those she got in Canada. Both seemed very happy, and the Prince constantly saluted, while the Princess bowed and smiled continually, as if she really enjoyed her reception.

At the Guildhall the Prince quite came out as an orator, and evidently the practice he had on his tour round the world has made a finished speaker of him. I was told by a friend who was present—no, he was neither a Duke nor a Lord Mayor, but a reporter!—that every word could be distinctly heard all over the big hall, and that even Lord Rosebery, who followed, fine speaker though he is, seemed rather tame after the Prince. That is high praise, for what a reporter says in private is often very different from what he says in print.

So poor George Lohmann has gone, after a plucky fight with consumption. He was a rare favourite with "The Man in the Street" in the old days, and his bowling was a treat to watch when he was at his best. If I recollect rightly, the last year that he played in England was 1896, but he was over here last summer as Assistant Manager to the South African team. He looked very ill then, but it is a bit of a shock to hear that he is dead. Lohmann was in his prime in 1888, when he took more than two hundred wickets at a cost of slightly over ten runs apiece. In the two following years he also took two hundred wickets, though not quite so cheaply, and in 1891 his average was but a very little over eleven runs per wicket. He was also a good, steady bat, and made several centuries for Surrey. May the turf, on which he gained so many triumphs, lie lightly upon him!

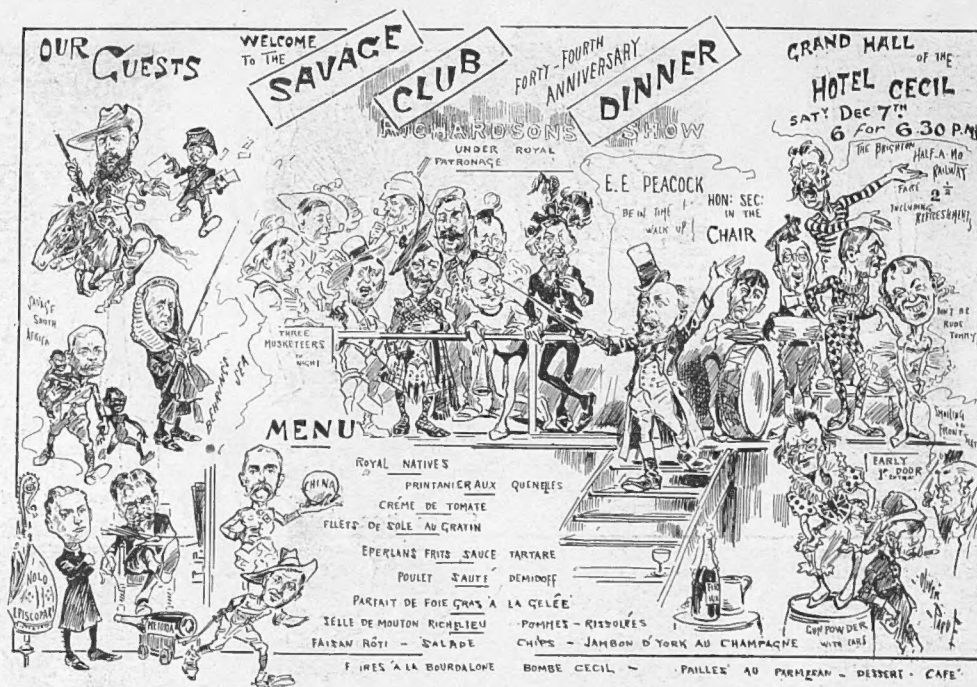
I have just read a warning that money is a very frequent means of spreading small-pox, and, in addition to vaccinating ourselves, we are now advised to wash our money. That is a commodity with which "The Man in the Street" is not usually overburdened, but the trouble is that coins have to be carried home before they can be washed, and that our pockets may be full of germs before we can get at soap-and-water. As I do not expect that omnibus-companies will provide their conductors with basins of disinfectants, I am afraid that this is one of the ordinary risks we must all run.

The shops are already making themselves smart for Christmas. The poulterers show signs of what they will be next week, but the outfitters and the toy-shops are in full blaze, ready to catch the good folk who are up in London buying presents. The chief feature of the Christmas-cards this year is that they move or waggle their heads and arms. There is a figure which balances a feather on its nose, and a lady who nods her head as she smells a bunch of violets. These things can hardly be called "cards," but at least they have supplanted the powdered-glass snow-scenes which were considered the thing a few years ago. And that is so much to the good.



THE SAVAGE CLUB ANNUAL DINNER.

THE annual dinner of the Savage Club, by far the most important event of the year in the world of Bohemia, was held at the Hôtel Cecil on Saturday evening last. The chair was taken by Mr. E. E. Peacock, whose personal popularity, not less than the distinguished services he has rendered the Club as Honorary Secretary, brought together an unusually large number of members. The guest of the evening was the Duke of Norfolk, and the Club also extended the privilege of its hospitality to the Lord Chief Justice, Archdeacon Sinclair, General Sir Alfred Gaselee, and Mr. Winston Churchill. I regret that space prevents me from giving any account of the oratorical triumphs which followed the dinner; it is sufficient to say that the high standard of excellence which has helped to make the Savage Club famous the world over was fully maintained. The menu-card, which is reproduced on this page by kind permission of the Club, was designed by that well-known artist, Mr. W. H. Pike, R.I.



SAVAGE CLUB ANNUAL DINNER: MENU-CARD DESIGNED BY W. H. PIKE, R.I.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S HOUSEHOLD.

THE appointment of a new Royal Household is always a very interesting Society event, and many speculations were rife as to whom the Princess of Wales would choose to form her own immediate *entourage*. Although the list contains several names hitherto not mentioned in connection with the Princess's Household, Her Royal Highness has followed the Prince of Wales's example in remaining faithful to old friends, and it will be found that most of those who have just received a signal proof of the Princess's confidence and regard have been known to her all her life.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S CHAMBERLAIN.

Lord Shaftesbury, who has been given the agreeable and yet responsible post of Her Royal Highness's Chamberlain, is, as most of us are aware, the grandson of the famous philanthropist who was for so many years the intimate friend and counsellor of the late Duchess of Teck, who had the greatest admiration and reverence for his wonderful goodness and for his labours on behalf of the poor. The present head of the Ashley-Cooper family is only just over thirty. After a very successful career at Eton, he entered the 10th Hussars, and resigned his commission only on his marriage to Lady Constance Grosvenor, the eldest sister of the present Duke of Westminster.

THE FRIENDS OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S GIRLHOOD.

The two new Women of the Bedchamber, Lady Eva Dugdale, and Lady Mary Lygon, have been the intimate friends of the Princess of Wales for as long as they can remember. This is especially true of Lady Eva Dugdale, a sister of Lord Warwick, and a daughter of the Dowager Lady Warwick, so long honoured with the intimate friendship of the late Duchess of Teck. Lady Eva before her marriage to

Mr. Frank Dugdale—who is, it is interesting to note, also a member of the new Royal Household—occupied the position of First Lady-in-Waiting to the then Duchess of York, and so admirably did she perform her duties that even after her marriage she was often prevailed upon to serve her Royal mistress in the same capacity. Mr. and Lady Eva

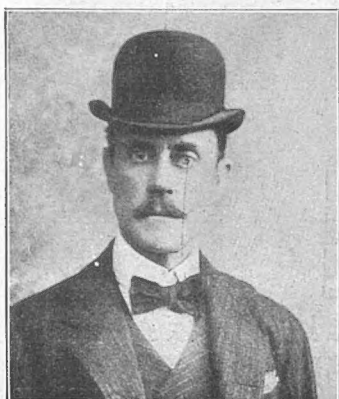
Dugdale inhabit a charming old house, Snitterfield, not far from Lady Eva's old home, Warwick Castle, and there they have more than once entertained the Princess of Wales on a private visit. Mr. Dugdale takes a great interest in the Warwickshire Yeomanry and is the *beau-idéal* of an English country gentleman. Lady Mary Lygon is Lord Beauchamp's one unmarried sister; she acted as hostess of Government House during the young Peer's Governorship of New South Wales. She accompanied the Prince and Princess during their recent Colonial tour.

THE NEW PRIVATE SECRETARY.

Mr. Alexander N. Hood, Her Royal Highness's new Private Secretary, is a popular son of Lord Bridport, himself a valued friend and servant of the late Sovereign, who extended her favour to Mr. Hood. Interesting references to this important member of the new Royal Household occur in the published Life of the late Duchess of Teck, of whose Household he was Comptroller.

SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL OF "IOLANTHE."

NINETEEN years ago and not one of the old cast now in the bill, though, fortunately, nearly all are still in the land of the living! Nobody would care about a detailed comparison of one artist with the other. Mr. Grossmith was very funny as the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Walter Passmore pleases everybody in the part by his clever singing and dexterous dancing, to say nothing of his truly comic acting. It is very difficult to replace Miss Leonora Braham, the original Phyllis, but certainly Miss Jay is a charming young artist, well suited to the part. Miss Rosina Brandram, now doyenne of the Savoy Company, has not the bulk of Miss Barnett, but her admirable singing and unforced acting are of great value. One can hardly hope to see another Jessie Bond, formerly the Iolanthe—she seems as irreplaceable as poor Miss Norreys. Nevertheless, Miss Louie Pounds is a charming artist and well deserves the great favour with which she was received. It is, of course, hard to replace Mr. Rutland Barrington, the original Earl of Mountararat, but Mr. Robert Evett is excellent as the Earl of Tolloller. Mr. Henry A. Lytton, the new Strephon, is one of the ablest artists ever possessed by the Savoy. So we have an excellent performance of a work whose quality cannot be paralleled by anything within the last few years, and enthusiasm was permissible since pleasure was indisputable. Of course, the mounting is excellent, and, indeed, the scene outside the House of Commons in the Palace Yard is a really remarkable stage-picture. Mr. Cellier is the Musical Director, and to say this is quite sufficient to prove that the performances of both the orchestra and the chorus were admirable.



(Photo by Maull and Fox.

HON. A. N. HOOD (PRIVATE SECRETARY).



(Photo by Alice Hughes.

LADY MARY LYGON AND LADY EVA DUGDALE (WOMEN OF THE BEDCHAMBER).



(Photo by Alice Hughes.



(Photo by Dickinson and Foster.

LORD SHAFTESBURY (CHAMBERLAIN).

SOME LEADING MEMBERS OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S RECENTLY APPOINTED HOUSEHOLD.

SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL OF "IOLANTHE" AT THE SAVOY.

Some of the Principals, Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch" by Messrs. Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.



MISS ISABEL JAY AS PHYLLIS.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS IOLANTHE.



MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM AS QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.



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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

A Brilliant Royal Function.

Last week's Royal visit to the City was, in a measure thanks to the Clerk of the Weather Office, a really brilliant function, and loyal London outdid even its own great traditions in the matter of the enthusiastic welcome accorded to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Many great pageants have taken place both within and without the Guildhall, but that which took place last Thursday was distinguished by more than one picturesque feature, partly owing to the fact that this was the first occasion on which the Heir - Apparent, as Prince of Wales, had passed the magic boundary which separates London from the City.

The decorations were peculiarly effective, seen as they were in thoroughfares which rarely have the pleasure and honour of welcoming Royal carriages. The Apollo Theatre, with its crimson hangings and draperies, afforded a pleasing touch of colour; and the Sinclair Galleries had utilised with excellent effect some fine old tapestry. Holborn had quite a festive air, particularly noticeable being the decorations of Parr's Bank and the Holborn Restaurant—indeed, the "Tube" Railway, which remained serenely indifferent to the Royal passers-by, looked quite strange amid the adjoining blaze of colour. A particularly striking and novel effect was produced at Holborn Circus by ropes of artificial flowers, which, each starting from a corner of one of the diverging ways, met at the statue which forms the centre of the Circus.

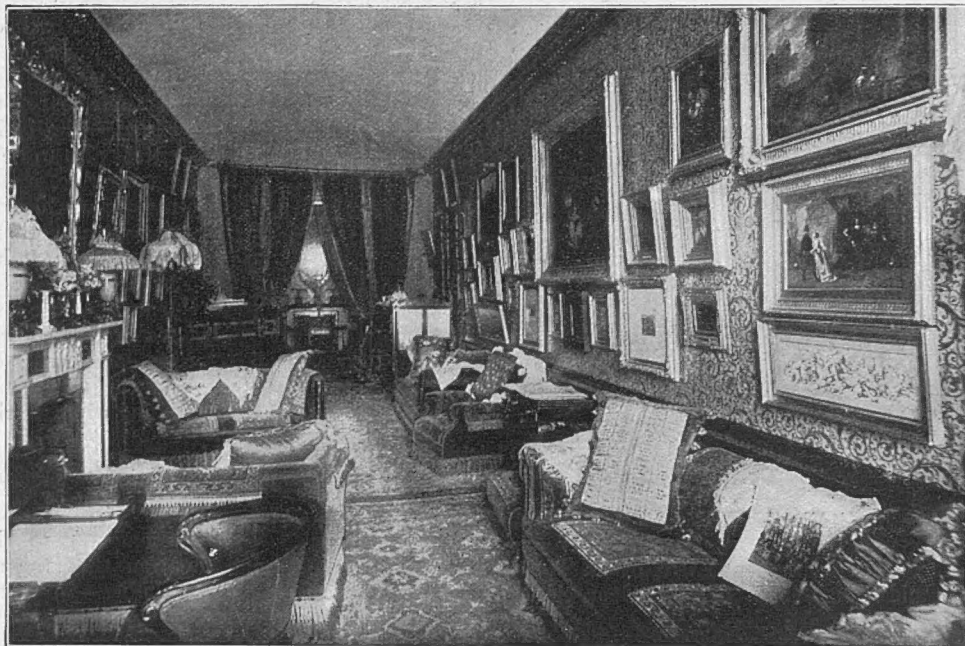
A Feast for the Gods.

The Royal *déjeuner*, served in the great hall on a number of tables disposed exactly in accordance with the arrangements made on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's Banquet, was in every sense of the word "a feast for the gods." The menu comprised seventeen items and opened with the traditional turtle-soup—for in this matter the City chefs remain true to the great old traditions of the Mansion House, and the present craze for short meals does not obtain east of Temple Bar.

The Prince of Wales at Elveden Hall.

The Prince of Wales is now spending a few days with Lord and Lady Iveagh at Elveden Hall, an estate famous for the attractions it offers to keen sportsmen. There both its former owner, the Maharajah Duleep Singh, and Lord Iveagh have constantly entertained Royal guests, including the present Sovereign. Even now the beautiful house recalls in many subtle ways the Oriental birth and tastes of Prince Victor Duleep Singh's famous father. It was for a long time the only

country-house in the kingdom in which was attached to each visitor's bed-chamber a dressing-room boudoir decorated and furnished *en suite*. In the aviary, one of the most charming features of the place, are many rare Indian birds, who seem on excellent terms with the more gentle winged creatures which are Lady Iveagh's special pets. The Prince of Wales's hostess, herself a Guinness by birth, is a very clever and cultivated woman, noted even in Ireland for her wonderful tact and kind-heartedness. She is very fond of travelling, and she and Lord Iveagh greatly enjoyed their visit to Russia, where they were present at the Coronation.



HALL BARN, WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES IS ABOUT TO STAY WITH SIR EDWARD LAWSON: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Hall Barn, where Sir Edward Lawson is about to entertain the Prince of Wales, is one of the most delightful estates within a reasonable distance of town, and is also remarkably good from the sporting point of view. Situated within a short distance of the picturesque old-world village of Beaconsfield, Hall Barn is in its way quite a historic mansion, for not only was it originally the home of the poet Waller, but a greater than Waller, namely, Edmund Burke, spent there some of his happiest holidays. Sir Edward, who is a great art-lover and connoisseur, has gathered together

in his charming country home many mementoes of his two famous predecessors, including a fine portrait of Waller, done by Kneller, many autograph letters written by Burke, and a practically priceless copy of the "Annual Register," annotated in Burke's own hand.

An Interesting Drawing-room and its Contents.

The present owner of Hall Barn, with admirable good-taste, has left practically unaltered several of the reception-rooms, notably those which owe their decoration and general arrangement to yet another of his distinguished predecessors, Sir William Gore Ouseley, the great Oriental diplomatist who bought the property from the Burke family. It is in the drawing-room, lined with Persian woods, that is kept Sir Edward's most cherished Burke relic, namely, the dagger thrown down by the statesman during the memorable scene in the House of Commons, when he implored those present to "keep French principles from our heads and French daggers from our hearts!"

A Unique Feature.

To descend from the sublime to the comfortable, a unique feature of Hall Barn is the Turkish bath, as luxurious and splendid a Hammam as that to be found in any Turkish palace. In the first or "cool room" is a marble bath some ten feet by six, and the shampooer who is king of this agreeable domain was formerly head masseur at the Paris Hammam.



HALL BARN, NEAR BEACONSFIELD, SIR EDWARD LAWSON'S HISTORIC COUNTRY SEAT

From Photographs by Russell and Son, Baker Street, W.

The Speaker's Son and his Bride.

Mr. Edward Gully, youngest son of the Right Hon. William Court Gully, M.P., Speaker of the House of Commons, was married on Wednesday last at St. George's, Hanover Square, W., to Miss Ada Symon, elder daughter of the late Mr. Robert Symon and Mrs. Symon, of 14, Park Street, Park Lane, W. Mr. Gully has for some time past acted as Secretary to his father, and in that capacity has won golden opinions from all with whom he has come in contact. The wedding was a very smart affair; the Arch-deacon of Westminster, who is also Chaplain to the Speaker, officiated,



Photo by Dickinson, New Bond Street, W.]

MR. EDWARD GULLY.



[Photo by Jacolette, South Kensington.

MISS ADA SYMON.

MARRIED ON WEDNESDAY LAST AT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

assisted by the bride's uncle, the Rev. Prebendary Kitto, of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Charing Cross, and the Rector of St. George's, the Rev. David Anderson.

Sir Ernest Cassel gave the bride away, and very well she looked in her wedding-dress of soft white chiffon and Brussels lace, with a long Court-train of white gauze embroidered with raised velvet leaves. Her six little bridesmaids wore long white satin frocks of Charles the First period and large white beaver Cavalier-hats. The Hon. Benjamin Bathurst, M.P., acted as best man, and after the ceremony Mrs. Symon welcomed the numerous wedding-guests at her house in Park Street, where a reception was held prior to the departure of the bride and bridegroom for the Continent. Among the four hundred-odd wedding-presents were gifts from Sir William and Lady Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman, the Home Secretary and Mrs. Ritchie, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Halsbury, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, and Mr. and Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt.

Sir Herbert Perrott and his Bride.

Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott and Miss Ethel Hare, whose portraits appear on this page, were married yesterday afternoon at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, the wedding attracting a large and distinguished congregation. Sir Herbert, who was formerly in the Buffs, is a Knight of Justice and Secretary of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England, and Chief Secretary to the St. John Ambulance Association. He is a most courtly man and greatly esteemed and liked by all who know him. His bride is the eldest daughter of the late Captain Marcus Hare, R.N., of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, that foundered off the Isle of Wight some years ago. Her mother, Mrs. Marcus Hare, lives at a pretty place near Newton Abbot, called Court Grange, while Miss Hare can claim the late Duke of Somerset and the late Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury (always known as "Lady A."), for her uncle and aunt, and the Earl of Dysart as cousin. Sir Herbert and Lady Perrott have taken a house in South Kensington, which they will use as a town residence, Sir Herbert's country place being in Kent.

A Statesman's Silver Wedding.

That must have been an interesting gathering at Malwood last week, when Lord James, a member of the Unionist Cabinet, spent a day with Sir William Harcourt in honour of his Silver Wedding. It was in Henry the Eighth's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, that Sir William was married, in 1876, to Mrs. Ives, the daughter of Mr. Motley, the historian. Dean Stanley officiated, but, owing to a recent bereavement in the bridegroom's family, the wedding was private. Lord James was the best man. Of course, he was then only Sir Henry, and Sir William had not at that time dropped the use of "Vernon." They had been associated together for a few months in office, Sir Henry James being Attorney-General while his friend was Solicitor-General from November 1873 to February 1874.

Their careers have been widely parted in recent years, but old friendships remain. Sir William's elder son, Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, is the issue of his first marriage, with Miss Lister, a niece of Mr. Gladstone's colleague, Lord Clarendon, and step-daughter of Sir George Cornwallis Lewis.

Coronation-Robes.

The vexed question of what was to be or not to be worn by Peeresses at the Coronation is now definitely settled, and many great ladies have already given their orders to the leading dressmaking houses in this country, and, it may be whispered, in France. The robes are to be of red velvet, bordered with a band of pure white minever fur, opening at the waist over a white satin or silk petticoat or under-skirt. This under-skirt is the only portion of the costume which the wearer may embellish according to her individual fancy, and it is said that several Peeresses intend that the decoration shall consist of their coat-of-arms embroidered in gold and silver. The bodice, of usual regulation Court cut, is also to be of red velvet, the only trimming permissible, a stomacher of white fur, recalling the old-world berthes which were so beloved by our grandmothers. The train will be of red velvet to match the robe, and is also to be bordered with minever, while the charming feature of the costume is to be a short fur cape fastened at each shoulder with a gold tassel. On the cape alone are the black spots to appear, the rest of the fur used on the costume being of pure white.

Potsdam Cooking School.

The Kaiserin paid an unexpected visit last week (writes my Berlin Correspondent) to the Potsdam Cooking School's exhibition. I may mention that the so-called School or Institute is attended also by English ladies—in fact, there is an English lady living there as one of the teachers. Besides cooking, sewing also and all kinds of ornamental work are taught. On looking round the kitchen department, I noticed a goodly array of pies, tarts, every kind of meat, fruits without stint, and rows upon rows of preserves. The Kaiserin, who was accompanied by several of the ladies of the Court, expressed her keenest approval of what she saw, and, half-sighing, said: "What a pity it is that I was not taught all this! I feel almost inclined to come and have lessons now." Her Majesty, after inspecting the cuisine and the spotlessly kept utensils, passed on to the bedroom-furniture department. There was a magnificent bed entirely fitted up by four of the pupils of the Institute: the sewing and ornamental work were exquisite. Her Majesty was delighted, and exclaimed, "Why, I myself have not such a lovely bed as that!"

All the appointments for the adornment of a bedroom had been made by members of the School, even window-blinds and curtains and tablecloths. Drawing-room embroidery was also well represented, and all manner of exquisitely designed and executed poker-work ornaments, leather cases, carved figures, and painted nicknacks. Especially admired, however, was a lovely lamp-shade made for a standing-lamp. The Empress inspected everything closely, asking many questions of the pupils, who answered willingly—I might almost say, excitedly.



Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.]

MISS ETHEL HARE.



[Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

COLONEL SIR HERBERT PERROTT.

MARRIED YESTERDAY AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH, EATON SQUARE, S.W.

Cavalry for "the Front."

The 3rd (King's Own) Hussars, which is under orders to proceed to South Africa, is at present stationed at Lucknow. Raised in 1685, the regiment has had a long and honourable record of active service. It received its baptism of fire at Dettingen, where it was led by King George III. On this occasion, a trooper of the regiment—Thomas Brown by name—so distinguished himself by rescuing a standard from the enemy that His Majesty promoted him to Knight-banneret forthwith. Another honour which King George paid the corps was that of allowing its kettledrum men to wear the uniform of a sergeant instead of the less ornate one of a private. At the present day, the regiment has the unique distinction of being the only Hussar one whose collars are scarlet; those of all the others are blue (with the exception of the 13th, which are buff). The busby-bag and plume of the 3rd are respectively garter-blue and white in colour, while their motto is the proud one of "Nec Aspera Terrent."

In command of the 3rd Hussars is Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. N. Wogan-Browne. He joined the regiment in 1876 and attained his present rank in June 1898. His "Second-in-Command" is Major St. Clair Oswald, who has just two years' less service than has his chief. One of the other officers, Major Valentine Whitla, commenced his career in the Navy, and, as a Midshipman on board the *Sultan*, took part in the bombardment of the forts at Alexandria in the campaign of 1882. He entered the Army three years later and obtained field rank in 1898.

Lord Roberts's Ancestry.

While most people—including Lord Roberts himself—have always been under the impression that the gallant Commander-in-Chief of the British Army is an Irishman to the backbone, the opinion is not unanimous. At any rate, a certain individual, jealous, apparently, of Old Ireland's ability to breed great soldiers, has been solemnly asserting that "Bobs" is a Eurasian! Of course, there is not the slightest measure of truth in this contention, for, as the reference-books conclusively prove, both Lord Roberts's parents were of Irish birth. It is interesting to note, however, that, before marrying Miss Banbury, of Tipperary (who was the mother of his famous son), "Bobs'" father, General Sir Abraham Roberts, married a Miss Kennedy. This lady was distantly connected with one of the native Princes of India.

Miss Maxine Elliott.

Miss Maxine Elliott, the brilliant young American actress who may be literally said to have come, seen, and conquered London, has during her comparatively short career played many rôles, and none more successfully than that of a dashing and intrepid horsewoman. Nowadays



MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT IN HER RIDING-HABIT.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

energetic and hard-working ladies of every type are finding out that there is no better form of hard exercise than that of riding, and quite a number of well-known players of both sexes make a point of spending the traditional two hours in the Row each morning.

The Charming Wife of a Polo-Player.

There are just now a very large number of pretty Society women, and Mrs. E. D. Miller is one of them. She is the daughter of Colonel Langtry, who was in the 15th (King's) Hussars for so many years and commanded the 8th Hussars in India. In Leicestershire she is well known and was greatly admired there before her marriage. She has the



MRS. E. D. MILLER, WIFE OF CAPTAIN MILLER, THE WELL-KNOWN POLO-PLAYER.

Photo by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

shade of golden hair peculiar to County Antrim, where the Langtrys have been for generations. I hear Captain E. D. Miller is bringing out a new edition of his book on polo, which will be greatly appreciated, as few men know so much about the game as he does. Captain and Mrs. E. D. Miller's luncheons and dinners at Ranelagh were one of the features of last Season, the Duke and Duchess of Teck being frequently their guests. Mrs. Miller is, like her husband, devoted to sport, and is a good horsewoman. She had an anxious time two years ago, as Captain Miller went to the War shortly after her marriage.

The New Commander of the Australian Forces.

The numerous writers who have been discussing the qualifications of Colonel Hutton for the Australian Command have omitted to mention the fact that he first suggested the idea of Mounted Infantry and is the person primarily responsible for its introduction into the British Army. With respect to his new command, Colonel Hutton has already determined certain lines of policy on which he proposes to proceed. As a result of his experience with the mixed Colonial Corps in South Africa, and from his view of the needs of modern warfare, he will propose to take away the sabre from the Colonial soldier and supply him with a rifle and a revolver. He attaches vital importance to scouting and the exercise of personal initiative by the rank-and-file, and it will be his object to develop these qualities to the very utmost.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle in Scotland.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle has been speaking two or three times in Edinburgh—where he began his literary career and also received his preliminary medical training—upon such subjects as the Lifeboat Fund, the South African War, and the immortal memory of Scott at the dinner of the Sir Walter Scott Club. This Club gives prizes in schools for papers on Scott's works, and dines once a year to keep his memory green—if that were necessary. In speaking to the toast of the "Imperial Services," in connection with the return of Edinburgh Militia Artillery, Dr. Doyle said that the most vivid recollection he carried away from South Africa was seeing a British battery in action. No man who had not seen it could conceive what a beautiful example of bravery, of discipline, and of order it presented. He had seen a Boer shell drop fifty yards in front of the battery, and he held his breath; the next pitched right between the guns. He saw it burst, and out of the cloud of flame and smoke he could see the crews of those two guns going on serving, and taking no more notice of that shell than if it had been a cloud of dirt. Dr. Doyle believes that the War is now drawing to a close.

Birmingham Dog Show.

One thousand five hundred dogs were on view at the annual Show held in the Curzon Hall, Birmingham, during three days of last week, and many fine specimens of their respective breeds were benched there. The two Championships for Borzois were won by the Duchess of Newcastle with her splendid pair, Champion Velsk and Champion Tsaritsa, while her Grace's Voda and Venlo, litter brother and sister, sired by Champion Velsk, each took first honours in other classes. In Wire-haired Fox-terriers the Duchess was also very successful, her Commodore of Notts taking the Championship for dogs, while that for Wire-haired bitches was won by Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Champion Donnington Flirt. The two Championships for the Smooth division were won by Mr. Frank Reeks' Avon Minstrel and Lady Edith Villiers' Grove Venus.

The St. Bernard Championships were won by representatives of the famous kennels of Messrs. Inman and Walmsley, with the rough-coated Champion Wolfram and Valkyrie and the smooth pair Egmont and Woglinde; the catalogue-price of each of these is £10,000. In Blood-hounds the Championships were awarded to Mr. Arthur Croxton-Smith's magnificent hound Panther (bred by the late Lady Swinburne) and Mr. Edwin Brough's Champion Bettina; his hound, Kickshaw, who had so recently taken a prominent and successful part in the trials of hunting the clean boot, was also present.

The Earl of Cardigan was an exhibitor and prize-winner in the Bloodhound classes with Savernake Knight. The Countess of Aberdeen, the Hon. Mrs. Jocelyn, Mrs. Hugh Ripley, Mrs. Victor Bosanquet, and Miss Ethel McCheane were all exhibitors and prize-winners in the different classes for Skye Terriers; the two Championships were, however, carried off by Mr. William Millar with his Champion Walter Scott and Sally Scott. The Bulldog Championships were won by Mr. John Atkinson-Jowett's two-year-old Pressgang and Mr. Gordon Retlaw's Thackeray Soda, the "Reserve" for Champion honours being Mr. Luke Crabtree's Champion Prince Albert and Mr. H. Sydney Verity's Champion La Roche. The Championships for Irish Wolf-hounds were awarded to two out of Mrs. Lane Williams's grand team, Champion Wargrave and Champion Artara, the "reserve" Champion in dogs being her former stud-dog, Champion Dermot Astore. The two Collie Championships were won by Mr. Hugo Ainscough with his handsome sable-and-white Parbold Piccolo and Parbold Pagoda.

The Hon. Mrs. Lily Coventry took first honours in limit and novice classes for Great Danes with Joubert, the two Championships for this breed being given by their judge, Mrs. Violet Horsfall, to Roger of Eccleshall and Champion Lady Topper. Mr. Robert Leadbetter was the winner of the Championships for Great Danes with his magnificent pair Black Anthony and Champion Elgiva. The Marchioness of Ailesbury was an exhibitor and prize-winner in Irish Setters; Sir George Pullough in Black-and-Tan Setters; Lady Edward Spencer Churchill in Toy Bulldogs; Lady Sybil Tollemache with her Landseer Newfoundland, Kettering Wonder; Mrs. Hall Walker with her exquisite little Pomeranians; Mrs. Jean McIntyre with her tiny and lovely Japanese Spaniel, Almonde Blossom, who won the Championship for this variety; and Miss M. Hall, who won the same honour for Ruby Spaniels with her Royal Rip. This, the forty-third Annual Show, was considered by many of those who visited it to be the best-arranged ever held in Birmingham.



MR. RALPH HALL CAINE (SON OF MR. HALL CAINE), THE YOUNGEST EDITOR IN LONDON.

From a Copyright Photograph.

The New Duchess.

Miss Nina Poore, who was on Wednesday last married very quietly at the Parish Church of Newton Toney, near Salisbury, to the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. Robert Poore, of Old Lodge, Salisbury. Her brother, Major R. M. Poore, D.S.O., the well-known Hampshire cricketer, married the Duke's sister, Lady Flora, in 1898, and he is now Provost-Marshal on Headquarters Staff in South Africa. The wedding was kept very quiet, only a few relations being present at the ceremony. These included Mrs. Poore, Lady Ailsa, Sir Harold and Lady Pelly, Lady Flora Poore, Mr. Mark Poore, General Douglas Hamilton, Sir Alec and Lady Wilson, and Mrs. Cox. The Bishop of Southwark performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rector of the parish, the Rev. G. Phillips. Miss Poore, who wore a gown of white satin and Brussels lace, and carried a bouquet of white roses and heather, the badge of the house of Hamilton, was given away by her father, and she was attended by two little pages, Lord Hugh Kennedy and Master Alwyne Pelly, and four little bridesmaids, all dressed in white. After the ceremony the Duke and Duchess drove to Wilbury House, a mile or two distant from the bride's home, where they will spend the honeymoon quietly. Over four hundred beautiful wedding-gifts were showered upon the happy couple.



MISS NINA POORE, THE NEW DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.

Photo by Esme Collings, London and Brighton.

The Youngest Editor in London.

Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, who is now editing Dickens's old paper, *Household Words*, not only has the distinction of being the son of Mr. Hall Caine, the well-known novelist, but ranks as the youngest Editor in London. To be accurate, his age is seventeen and a-half years, and hitherto he has had little or no experience of journalistic work, but his father resolved to test him by purchasing *Household Words* and placing it in his hands. Thus, almost directly from school he has assumed the professional frock-coat and an Editor's responsibility. Though his face still retains its boyish look, Mr. Ralph Hall Caine possesses considerable grit, and he is laying ambitious plans for the development of his enterprise. Naturally, his father is watching the undertaking with much interest, and has already been commissioned by his son for an article.

I am glad that Berlin intends to do honour to the memory of Wagner. Professor Eborlein's design has been accepted, a few changes being made by desire of the Emperor, whose ideas are gladly accepted and admitted to be improvements. The statue will be entirely of marble, and it will stand in the Thiergarten Strasse, at a little distance from those of Goethe and Lessing.

Wagner's widow, after a bitter feud for some time past with the Prinz Regenten Theatre at Munich, has made peace. Frau Cosima has behaved handsomely in the matter. Bayreuth having ceased to be the attraction it once was, she has allowed the whole of "The Nibelungen Ring" to be in future performed at the Munich Theatre.

Professor Rheinberger, who had a great reputation in Germany and whose works are well known elsewhere, died at Munich, a few days since, at the age of sixty-three. He composed a number of sacred works of high merit, but his two operas failed completely. He was quite destitute of dramatic genius.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie's works are being more frequently performed. The Principal of the Royal Academy of Music has written many fine things, especially "The Dream of Jubal," which was performed the other day at Cardiff, Mr. Richard Temple reciting the poem. The incidental music to "Coriolanus" and his remarkable Scottish Concerto, in which the composer has so ingeniously interwoven old Caledonian melodies, have recently been played. A beautiful work by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, "The Rose of Sharon," has been too long neglected.

Mr. Landon Ronald has been elected an Associate of the Philharmonic Society. He is one of the youngest members, and the fact is not generally known that he is a son of the late popular Henry Russell, the composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" and scores of other genial melodies.

*The late
Sir William
MacCormac.*

The death of Sir William MacCormac, which took place on Wednesday last, removes from the world of medicine one of its most picturesque figures. He was, indeed, one of the most splendid specimens of humanity to be met with in or out of Harley Street, for he stood considerably over six feet high and was broad in



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MACCORMAC.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

proportion, while his face, with its expression of grave kindliness, was very handsome to look upon. In the medical profession itself he had, perhaps, come to be regarded as a figure-head in more senses than one. This year he had served his fifth term as President of the Royal College of Surgeons, an office he took up the year after Mr. Christopher Heath, for whom, when he was editing a certain book, Sir William wrote a well-known article.

The son of a physician who attained a great deal of fame in his day, and who specially advocated the treatment of consumption by means of the open air, Sir William may be said to have acquired his taste for medical science by inheritance. It was the Franco-German War which first gave him his chance, for he volunteered for service, was made Surgeon-in-Chief to the Anglo-American Ambulance, and was present at the Battle of Sedan. For his services he was made Commander of the Legion of Honour of France, while on the German side he was honoured with the Order of the Ritter Kreuz of Bavaria and the Kronen Order of Germany. In the Russo-Turkish War he assisted both sides, and was present at the Battle of Alexinatz, while it will naturally be within the recollection of everyone that he was Consulting Civil Surgeon to the Forces in South Africa in 1899-1900. Indeed, many people have felt that it was indirectly to his visit to South Africa that his death was due, for there he contracted dysentery and never really got better, although his death was really due to heart-failure. It will also be within the memory of my readers that when the King, then Prince of Wales, met with the accident to his knee at Lord Rothschild's, Sir William MacCormac was one of the chief surgeons in attendance. Sir William held many appointments, and was Consulting Surgeon and Emeritus Lecturer on Clinical Surgery at St. Thomas's Hospital, which owes to him no little of the position it has obtained at the present time. If he was not a great surgeon in the same sense as Lister and Spencer Wells, he was, nevertheless, a very successful operator.

*The Great Gohrde
Hunt.*

The great event of the last few days in the sporting line in Germany has been the celebrated hunt at Gohrde (writes the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The Emperor and his guest, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, arrived at the rendezvous at nine o'clock; the "Fürstengruss," or "Royal greeting," was blown in their honour by the assembled huntsmen; the guests who had been invited to meet the

Archduke were duly presented; the chief forester conducted the party individually to their respective posts, and the hunt began. Soon there was a shot heard from the Kaiser's post. This acted as a signal to all the other marksmen, who promptly took advantage of the opportunity to blaze away at the game. Then there was nothing to be heard but echoing reports from the guns, a confused medley of injunctions and signals from the keepers, barking of dogs, queer grunting, squeaking ejaculations from hunted boars, and howling, whistling wind amidst the trees. The Kaiser laid low as many as thirty-one boars; his Royal guest accounted for fifty-nine boars and one stag. The Kaiser shot one boar of such splendid proportions that it was kept for the exhibition that is always held in Berlin.

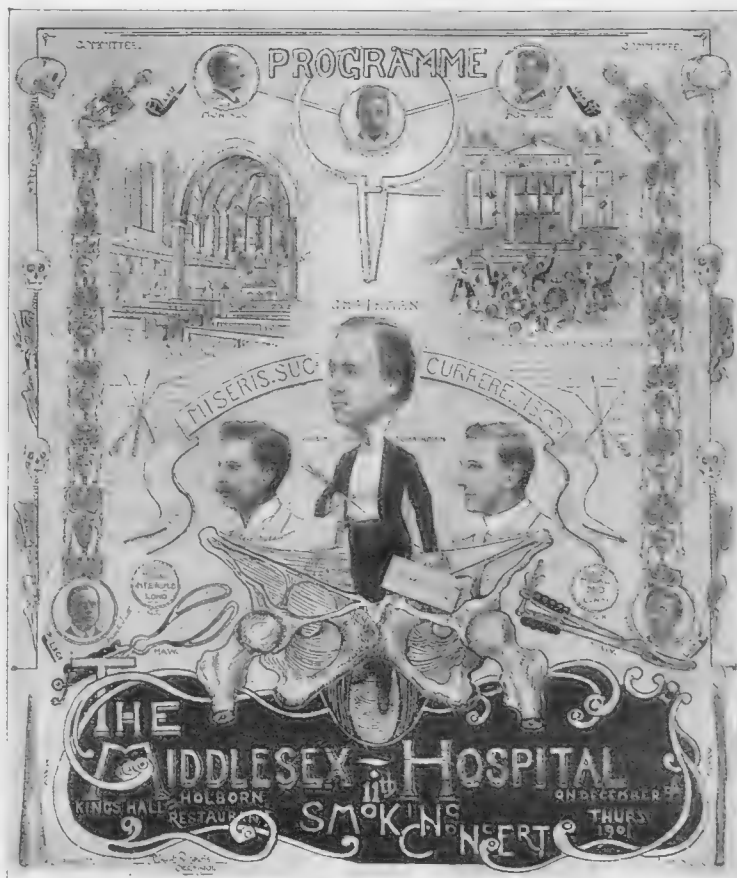
The party then adjourned to lunch, while the keepers arranged in a long line the numerous head of game that had been shot. The lunch was very simple but excellent of its kind, namely, pea-soup, Irish-stew, cutlets, and pancakes. The Kaiser was in the happiest possible frame of mind and entertained his guests with all his customary bonhomie and cheeriness. After lunch the whole assembly adjourned in carriages to Kalberberg to hunt red-deer. The Emperor's site for shooting was in a wood, under an enormous birch-tree, a support being already arranged for His Majesty to rest his gun upon, for it must be remembered that the Kaiser can use only one hand easily for his gun. The deer were a bit wild; in several cases they made astounding leaps over the barriers. By two o'clock the shooting stopped, the result of the hour's sport being fifteen stags to the Kaiser, eighteen to the Archduke, and a total of seventy-four to the whole party. After a comfortable dinner at the Castle, the Kaiser and his guests drove off in the evening to the station in a brilliantly lit-up carriage, the horses having acetylene-lamps of unusual brilliancy fastened in front of them between the points of the shafts. The assembled villagers lined up in a double row of honour, each holding magnesium torches, while the Kaiser drove rapidly away through the darkening forest.

*The Youngest
German
Lieutenant.*

In accordance with the traditions of the Royal House, all Princes at the completion of their tenth year enter the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards as Lieutenants. On the 17th of this month, Prince Frederick Sigismund, the eldest son of Prince Frederick Leopold, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, will have completed his tenth year, and will, therefore, be entered as Lieutenant in the Guards. As the Emperor's youngest son, Prince Joachim, was made Lieutenant in the same regiment last year, Prince Frederick Sigismund will be the youngest Lieutenant in the German Army.

*An Attractive
Smoking Concert.*

An entertainment furnished by those bright particular *Sketch* favourites, Miss Edna May, Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Ada Reeve, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Miss Ray Wallace, and many other distinguished and clever people, to say nothing of such comic "stars" as Herbert Campbell and George Robey, was certain to draw a large audience. All these popular artistes, and a host besides, generously gave their services for the grand Smoking Concert given at the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant on Thursday night, Dec. 5, on behalf of the funds of the Cancer Wards of the Middlesex Hospital. Miss Marie Studholme kindly sent a donation to the funds of this noble institution.



The association between Mr. George McLellan, the Manager of the Century Theatre, and Mr. Gustave Kerker, the composer of "The Belle of New York," is not by any means of recent date, for it has lasted many years. The other member of the trio is Mr. Hugh Morton, who is really Mr. McLellan's brother. As everyone knows, they are responsible for "The Belle of New York," the present attraction at the theatre which was the Adelphi. Few people, however, are aware that "The Belle," which has achieved such an extraordinary popularity, had really a great difficulty in being allowed to make her debut. The piece was written for Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, a well-known American firm of theatrical enterprise. The Salvation Army lassie, however, frightened them, as they thought she would offend the susceptibilities of the amusement-seeking public through the association of the Army and religion. Mr. McLellan and his partner, who were at that time running the Casino Theatre in New York, were badly in need of a piece for the opening of the autumn campaign. As soon as they heard of the rejection of the play by the firm for which it was written, they proposed taking it over; the proposition was accepted, and the rest, as everybody knows, is written in the book of success. Mr. Kerker is at present composing a new opera which it is by no means improbable Mr. McLellan will produce in due course.

In the kaleidoscopic programme of the Hippodrome, which is always changing and always interesting, one of the newest features has been an imitation of Mr. Sousa, the famous band-master, by Mr. Charles Rossow, the smallest man of his years in the world. The reproduction of himself in miniature interested Mr. Sousa when he saw it in America, and he declared that the dwarf was the one little man who had ever given a correct imitation of him, the others who had tried being "not in it" with him. The imitation was not due to the initiative of another, but was the outcome of a personal inspiration on the part of the little man, who, having gone to hear the conductor's band, said, "I am going to try to imitate him." He did try, and his success was instant. Mr. Rossow, who is twenty-four years of age, is the third of the seventeen children his parents have had. The midget with whom he boxes is really his brother Frank, the eldest member of the family, in which, however, with the single exception of a girl, all the others are people of normal size. He is, intellectually, a very clever little person, and it is claimed for him that he is the best midget boxer in the world. The bout which forms part of the Hippodrome programme is not, as some people have thought, a pre-arranged affair, for both men "fight free," and the attack and



CHARLES ROSSOW, THE SMALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD, AT THE HIPPODROME.
Photo by Feinberg, New York.



Mr. McLellan. Mr. Kerker.
REVIVAL OF "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" AT THE CENTURY THEATRE: MR. G. B. McLELLAN, THE PRODUCER, AND MR. GUSTAVE KERKER, THE MUSICAL COMPOSER.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

defence consequently have a freshness which it would be impossible to secure otherwise. The programme is at present made up of many excellent turns, and still concludes with the popular hunting-scene, "Tally-ho!" This will soon, however, have to give way for the spectacular pantomime which is to be the great feature of the entertainment at Christmas.

Mr. Robert Arthur's pretty theatre was visited by Mr. George Edwardes's "San Toy" Touring Company last week, and the crowded house and enthusiasm of the audience showed that the popularity of this bright musical comedy is as great as ever. A more winsome San Toy than Miss Alice Davis can scarcely be imagined, and Mr. Mackay's singing was much appreciated, as was also Miss Barry's.

Parents who are wondering what to give their boys for a Christmas-present should ask their bookseller to show them "Tales of Greyhouse," by Mr. Warren Bell. The volume is made up of healthy, virile, well-written stories, dealing with that side of school-life that the author knows so well and reproduces so faithfully. The book is illustrated throughout by T. R. P. Whitwell and is published by George Newnes, Limited.

The City Commissioner.

The resignation of the Commissioner of the City Police, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Smith, will remove from the City of London one of our most familiar figures. During the past ten years he has been Chief Commissioner, and previously he acted as Assistant Commissioner. The post is both onerous and responsible, owing to the numerous public functions held in the City. With the notable exception of the return of the "C.I.V.," there has not been the least ground for cavil against Sir Henry during the whole ten years of his office. It was this notable exception which was the main cause of difference between the Court of Aldermen and Sir Henry. His resignation will take effect from Christmas, and the writer has every reason to believe that he will be succeeded by Major-General Mackinnon, who commanded the "C.I.V." at "the Front."

The transport *Canada* is now well on its way to South Africa with reinforcements, not the least of these being no less than 1529 cases of "comforts" for the troops at "the Front," among them being five cases of Her Majesty's silver-mounted pipes, addressed "A Present from Queen Alexandra to Lord Kitchener, Commanding the Troops in South Africa." These were consigned to the care of Colonel Staepole. Princess Charles of Denmark—still better-known as Princess Maud of Wales—sent also a large case to the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa for our sick and wounded "Tommies."



CHARLES ROSSOW IN HIS CLEVER IMITATION OF SOUSA.
Photo by Feinberg, New York.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Opéra-Comique.

It is only a couple of years ago that the Opéra-Comique was re-opened after the disaster, and now I hear that it is more than probable that the house may be closed and practically reconstructed (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). Albert Carré, the brilliant Manager, protested from the first that he could do nothing with the theatre, which in reality amounted to a hall with a tiny stage thrown in as an after-thought. It is dangerous, and, in case of a panic, not one of the artistes could escape. As it is impossible to house the scenery for two operas, the canvases and properties have each day to be sent back to the storehouse and are ruined in transit. The end of it all will be that the entrance to the house will be on the Boulevards, and a splendid ornament, instead of being hidden away in an assortment of mean streets.

Vercingetorix.

Kings have adopted it, Queens have adopted it, and the great Gaul warrior, Vercingetorix, has, after sundry hundred years of reflection in the tomb, taken to the automobile. He passed through Paris this week on his motor—but with this concession to mediæval prejudices, that he had put his horse on the machine. I have rarely seen anything more picturesque than the passing across Paris on its way to the Automobile Show of this colossal statue by Bertholdi, which goes afterwards to Clermont-Ferrand. The specially constructed motor-car was throwing up clouds of steam, and the frequent dance of a cloud of sparks led the inevitably gay Parisian to make unkind reflections on the hereafter of the historic General.

The sad accident which occurred the other day at the Variétés is of interest to the superstitious. Samuel, the director, has always declared that, if he ever lost his old straw-hat—which is locked up in the safe every night—he would lose his luck. On the night of the production of Lavedan's "Medicis" he could not find that bit of historic headgear, and he felt that the piece would be a dead frost, and it was. He found it in a dust-bin, and put it on for Capus's "La Veine," and turned what would otherwise have been a disastrous season into a big financial success. On the night of the collapse of the scenery he missed the hat again, and throughout the evening, one of the actresses tells me, was nervous to a degree and peering in all directions for his talisman. This is specially dedicated to the Thirteen Club.

Labori's Troubles.

I saw the great Dreyfus avocat, Maître Labori, when he lectured at the Renaissance Theatre. He seemed to me then to be in shattered health, and I can quite understand that his dispute with Joseph Reinach must be a heavy blow. In the interest of a cause he believed to be just, he sacrificed a tremendous practice, was held up to every vile insult that the vilest of pen-hacks could imagine, and for what? For very little, I know, from those who should have had reason to appreciate his great sacrifice. He seems to me an entirely changed man. His old sang-froid is gone and he is nervous to a degree.

Guitry's Blunder.

The appointment of Lucien Guitry as stage-manager of the Comédie-Française recalls to me an amusing incident that occurred some years ago at the Renaissance. Gillette's "Secret Service" was adapted into French and put on, and Guitry was responsible. You can imagine the horror of Americans, who turned up in force, when they saw the Southerners in Northern costumes, and vice-versa.

A Great Legal Scandal.

The Paris Bar is shaken to its base by the rumour of a terrific scandal that may at any moment come to light. The question has again and again been raised as to how it is possible for the most deplorable criminals to secure the services of the most brilliant counsel. The reason alleged is that they have a vast ramification dealing particularly with the night-cafés and the racecourse. Directly one of the band is arrested, their agents, male and female, are set in motion, and a whip-round is made to secure the avocat's services. Five per cent. commission is paid to them.

Too Much Democracy.

It is very satisfactory to see that the Government has put its foot down on the proposition of the Municipal Council to buy the gorgeous Palace of La Favia in the Champs-Élysées for the Mayor. The idea of poor wretches climbing up an onyx staircase that alone cost twelve thousand pounds to ask for alms was in itself somewhat sinister in its humour, and the protest of the entire Quartier Marbeuf against allowing their sons and daughters to be married in a place built by a woman of the Third Empire of such questionable reputation finished the matter. *Tant mieux!*



A LOOKING-GLASS ACT WITHOUT A LOOKING-GLASS: MISS SYLVIA THORNE AND MISS DORA KERSLEY AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

was so attired that everyone knew that he was a gaol-bird, and that all the world shrank away from him, so crime was, of necessity, his occupation.

MIRROR-DANCE AT THE PALACE THEATRE.

One of the best turns which the Palace Theatre has had of late is that of Miss Sylvia Thorne and Miss Kersley in their Mirror-Dance. Its artistic merit created something like a furore in Paris for the clever American dancers, and, no doubt, paved the way for their exclusive engagement at the above-mentioned house. So much to the taste of English audiences is the entertainment that the ladies are likely to remain in London, and it is by no means improbable that they will be seen again on the same stage. It need hardly be said that the mirror before which Miss Thorne dances is a sham one, and the cleverness of her own performance is a testimony of the merit of her companion's work. People who hear of this sort of mirror-dancing are apt to forget that, as Alice of immortal memory found, everything is reversed in the looking-glass, so that when Miss Thorne turns her back to the audience the audience see the face of her companion turned towards them, and when Miss Thorne dances with her face in full view, it is her companion's back which is seen. Their training, therefore, has to be absolutely accurate, for a single false step at any time would be fatal to the entertainment.

Every English visitor to the Continent will congratulate the French Postmaster-General on his draconic decision. Every Chef de Bureau will be compelled to sit at his desk from morning till night, and put an end to the present scandal of a crowd of clerks who refuse to deal with the public because they are in the middle of a sandwich or have not entirely grasped all the racing results.

I was talking to M. Collas, the Captain of the Racing Club de France, and to Mr. Grenville Hadley, of the Stade Français. Both teams have arranged for English visits, and the Frenchmen seem only to wonder how many points they will win by.

And such is history. In order to raise a sigh, Maître Allaine, who defended the thug Gilmour, the assailant of Madame Kolb, told the Paris Jury that, on leaving an English prison, the criminal

THE SOCIAL JESTER



I PLAY OLIVER TWIST—TO THE BUMBLE OF MR. NAT GOODWIN.

A FEW nights ago, my dear Dollie, I had the privilege of attending one of those desultory debates organised by the Playgoers' Club. I don't know whether you have ever spent a Sunday evening with the Playgoers. If you have, you will have noted that most of the talking is done by dramatic critics, most of the applauding by ladies and gentlemen of the dramatic profession, and most of the gaping—I do not say yawning—by a certain number of the ordinary, pay-as-you-go British public. If you haven't, I'll pay my subscription—now considerably overdue—and take you. It's frequently amusing and sometimes gets dangerously near being instructive.

The particularly desultory debate to which I refer was opened by an American actor of the name of Nat Goodwin. (I suppose his full Christian name is Nathaniel, but he calls it like that—"Nat.") Mr. Nathaniel Goodwin has recently been performing in a comedy by Mr. H. V. Esmond, entitled "When We Were Twenty-One." I am told that the play had a great vogue in America, but the London business was rather handicapped by the fact that another gentleman had written a play which went one better. I mean, of course, "Sweet and Twenty." You see, Dollie dear, extreme youth has an irresistible fascination for the middle-aged playgoer, especially on the stage. Now, "When We Were Twenty-One" dealt with a mere male of that impulsively egotistical age, whilst "Sweet and Twenty" had the advantage of alluding to a saccharine young lady with golden locks, blue eyes, and a pronouncedly sunny manner. Again, "Sweet and Twenty" remained entirely sugary until the fall of the final curtain, whilst the youth of "Twenty-One," on the other hand, managed to get himself scorched in the fiery flames of the third Act.



I don't know Dollie dear, whether you have ever tasted burnt toffee; personally, I find it rather piquant, but it isn't popular with the patrons of the penny-in-the-slot machine.

I shouldn't have bothered you with all this kind of analysis, by the way, were it not for the fact that Mr. Nathaniel Goodwin has seen fit, since his appearance before the open-minded members of the Playgoers' Club, to state, in a widely circulating daily journal, that the English playgoer does not understand the subtleties of the actor's art. Mr. Goodwin's solution of the mystery of his failure is, I take it, that he and the beautiful Miss Maxine Elliott are a little too good for us. Such being the case, Nathaniel, I am told, has determined to reserve



himself, henceforth, for the enlightened and artistic American people and leave us to get on as well as we can with such obvious and non-subtle artists as Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Forbes-Robertson,

Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Well, well! Bon voyage, "Nat"!

In the meantime, thanks to Heaven and the Committee of the Playgoers' Club, my dear Dollie, it is quite impossible for Mr. Goodwin to say that we stayed away from the Comedy Theatre because an American Company held the boards. For the subject of discussion—pardon the euphemism—at the Playgoers' Club was "The American Invasion." I don't know who was responsible for the title, but I hope they put it, as I do the expression I am about to use, in "quotes." For the "American invasion," of course, is such a thing of the future that you and I, dear one, may be old and grey-headed before it ever comes to pass. Joshua, I grant you, has made some small pretence of spying out the land; Caleb, I am willing to admit, has peeped round the corner. But, as to the great tribes of the Free People having penetrated into the Promised Land—why, the sentries on the walls of Jericho are positively dying of *ennui*!

I often wonder how the idea arose in some misguided minds that the people of this country resent the visits of the Privileged People from the other side of the water.

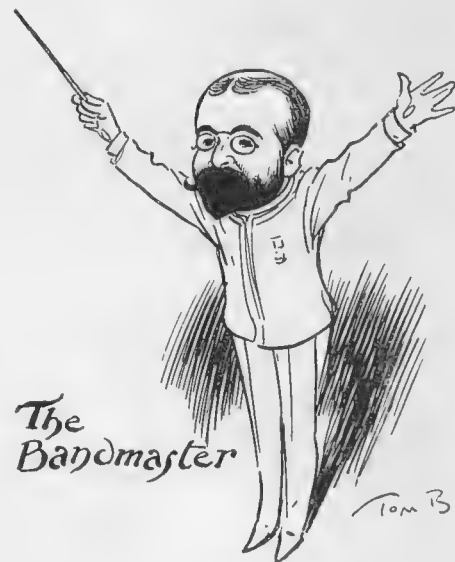
I can swear that I, for one, have never greeted my neatly limbed relations with other than a beaming smile of joy, and I am sure that you, dear Dollie, have always regarded your loose-lipped cousins with real interest and a fitting display of affection. Whence, therefore, comes this accusation of selfishness? Our land, we know, is a nice land, but we are perfectly willing to receive as many of our fair and stern connections as care to put up their dollars for the trip. Like the Egyptians, we are waiting to be spoiled, but, unlike the Egyptians, we are in no hurry at all to be quit of the spoilers.

Metaphor apart, let us try to remember some of the delights that have come to

us, in recent years, from America. In the first place, I think we ought to take that embodiment of all that is brightest and best in the great, enlightened country across the water, "The Belle of New York." "The Belle of New York," you will recollect, was chiefly remarkable for the beauty of the Belle and the politeness of the Polite Lunatic. Here, surely, we have the characteristics of this noble nation in a nutshell. For, on the one hand, we are entreated to follow on in the paths of sweetest vaintue, whilst, on the other hand, we are assured that all the gentleman desires is that he may kill Mr. Bronson. Mind you, I never feel quite sure as to whom Bronson may be; to-day, perhaps, he may stand for Mr. Stead; to-morrow, our only Joe may find himself on the awkward side of the candy-counter. However, there is satisfaction in the knowledge that all the gentleman requires is that he may kill him.

Passing lightly over halfpenny journalism, we have also to grovel in gratitude before Mr. Sousa. Before the arrival of Mr. Sousa, we rather thought that we knew a thing or two in this old country about band-playing. The Band-Master, however, has tickled our ears and upset our theories. He has taught us the beauty of spoof and the humour of burlesque in music. We have learnt, thanks to Sousa, that a bandsman, no less than a Boer, should be able to act on his own initiative as well as to blow his own trumpet. We have also noted that a rather stout man can manage, by dint of constant practice, to look quite slim—in the back.

With regard to matters of personal adornment, America has taught some of our highly gilded youths to part their hair in the middle, turn their trousers up to their knees, and wear boots in the shape of presentation trowels. She has also taught others of us to avoid doing these things. On the whole, then, we are more than delighted with Joshua and Caleb, and must ask Mr. Goodwin to send the tribes along as soon as he gets home. And, above all, we must entreat Nathaniel not to sulk.



"Chicote"



MISS ISABEL JAY,
NOW PLAYING PHYLLIS IN THE REVIVAL OF "IOLANTHE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

IT is said that the selection of Swinburne's poems which has recently been added to the Tauchnitz edition was made by Mr. William Sharp with the consent and approval of Mr. Swinburne. It is more than a pity that the volume cannot be imported into this country.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard's new novel will be called, I hear, "The Pearl Maiden."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new novel, which is to run serially from the beginning of next year, is called "Paul Kelbes."

The publisher still makes occasionally a bad blunder in refusing a new book. A case has recently come before me where practically all the first-class publishers in America, of all countries in the world, refused a novel which has since sold something like a hundred and fifty thousand, the author of which can now reckon on a first edition of at least a hundred thousand copies. The history of this rejected manuscript is peculiarly interesting. The story in question was originally published in a newspaper in Canada. An English publisher read it in this form and arranged for its publication in this country. It was offered by him in succession to a number of houses in New York, and was declined, after really careful consideration by them all, on the ground that it was too religious to sell. The book had considerable success in this country, and, at least a year after its first publication, it was pirated by a firm in New York, and at once began to boom. This bears out my contention that it is not always a loss in the long run to the author to be pirated in the United States. I can think of quite a number of recent cases where the fact of several cheap unauthorised editions being issued almost simultaneously has drawn the attention of the great public to a new writer and has opened up for him a splendid market for his future work.

Mr. Wells in his new book "anticipates" French as the language of the future, and is high in his praise of the intellectuality of the Parisian, especially as shown by his book-shops and by the sale of high-class works in France. I can only think that Mr. Wells is ignorant of the German book-shop, which, I should think everyone will admit, is a vast improvement on the Paris stall. And I should like to point out, in contradiction of his enthusiastic praise of the French reading public, that it has lately been found that the number of books read in France is steadily diminishing every year, to an extent of as much as ten per cent., and that literature and letters have never, within the memory of man, been at such a low ebb in Paris as at the present moment. If there is to be a world-language of the future, it will never, I am convinced, be even based upon French. It *might* be German. It will, in all probability, be Anglo-American.

A great deal has recently been written of the phenomenal book-sales in America, but I find that most people are inclined to put these statements down to Yankee bluff. Here is, however, an authoritative report taken from the *American Review of Reviews*—

This year has up to the present produced at least six novels in America which run to a circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand, at least nine which reach a hundred thousand, at least twenty with fifty thousand, at least fifty with from twenty to thirty thousand. The novel-production of the year in America must this year, even up to the present, have exceeded three million volumes, and the circulation of fiction, new and old, through libraries is reckoned between seven million and eight million volumes. It is gratifying to know that this demand for fiction is not confined merely to the works of the much-boomed new writer. In one great store alone, seven thousand volumes of Walter Scott, nine thousand of Thackeray, twelve thousand of George Eliot, twenty thousand of Dickens have been sold in a year. Dickens is easily the favourite among standard authors in America, the sales of his works running, it is said, to at least two hundred and fifty thousand volumes per annum.

Germany is turning Bismarck into a cult. Two new volumes of his letters are to be published immediately, and the number of volumes dealing with his life and work seems to increase by scores every year. Bismarck literature bids fair to equal, if not rival, Napoleon literature.

Literature is responsible for the story that a well-known firm of publishers forms a literary syndicate in the City to share the expense of producing the work of a popular novelist, and that a new book by a "big" author is probably a safer investment than many newly discovered

gold-mines. The latter part of this statement is, no doubt, true, but I should much like to know the name of the well-known firm that deals in this way with literary underwriters. I can only say that I have never heard of such a transaction.

Two new and magnificently illustrated works which are to be issued shortly in parts are Mr. W. H. Wilkins's full Biography of King Edward and Queen Alexandra and an important History of the House of Commons.

"Mr. Dooley's" new book will deal with his travels throughout his own country. The American public is waiting with eagerness and some trepidation for "Mr. Dooley's" shrewd characterisations of the typical New Yorker, Bostonian, and Philadelphian, to say nothing of the inhabitant of Chicago and the Far West.

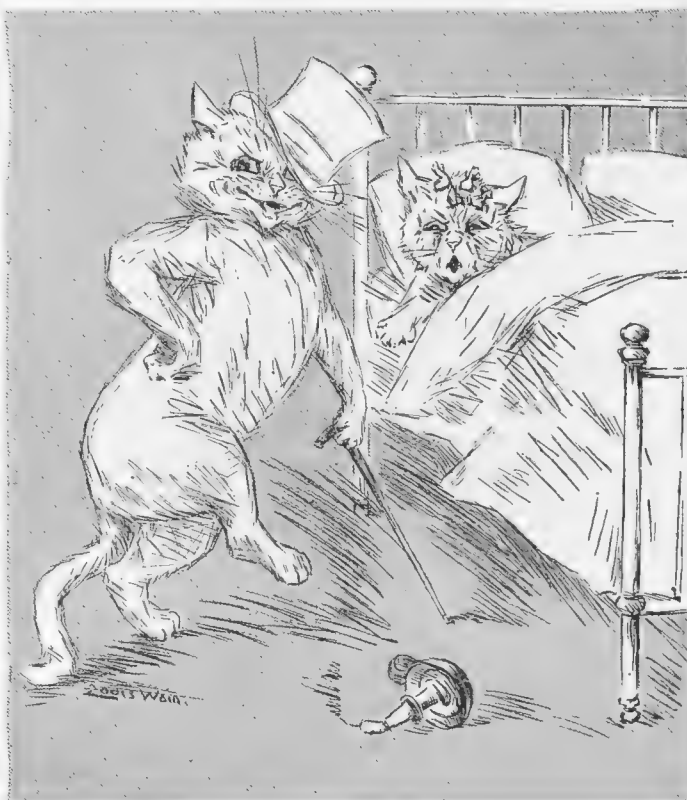
Mr. G. W. Smalley is writing a new volume of his newspaper reminiscences, which he groups into "Pen Pictures of Statesmen, Literary and Stage Folk."

An important Anthology of Russian Literature, by Professor Wiener, is to be published next spring in two volumes, the first of which will treat of the period before the nineteenth century, the second of the time after eighteen hundred. It will give extracts, more often complete productions, from all writers who have had an important part in the development of Russian letters, and will contain a *résumé* of Russian literature and many critical and biographical notes. Although there have been, of course, many histories of Russian literature, I think this is the first anthology which attempts to convey some adequate idea of the vast wealth of Russian poetry and prose.

There are many signs that the literature of business is going to take important rank in next year's publishing programmes. A large volume is to be devoted to the history of "the most powerful of all the Trusts," entitled "The True Story of Standard Oil," and quite a number of volumes are being written on the subject of the American invasion of Europe.

The latest North Pole explorer, Mr. E. B. Baldwin, has sent an article from Franz-Josef Land, entitled "How I will Reach the North Pole Next Year."

The serial rights of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new story, in which the heroine is Mary Queen of Scots, have been acquired by Messrs. McClure. It will follow in their magazine Mr. Kipling's "Kim." o. o.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Why, my dear, if you only felt as happy as I do, you would never want to come home at all!"

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM "LOUIS WAIN'S ANNUAL."

"LOUIS WAIN'S ANNUAL."

Heartiest congratulations of *The Sketch* to Mr. Louis Wain on the success of his bright and clever Annual, also to Mr. Stanhope Sprigg,

the editor, and to Messrs Anthony Treherne and Co., the publishers. One would have been inclined to think, perhaps, that so many pages of cats would be apt to grow monotonous; but Mr. Wain has found so many variations, and has studied his favourite pet from so many points of view, that the interest and amusement are sustained in the most wonderful way throughout. As regards the literary contributions, Mr. Stanhope Sprigg is particularly fortunate to have secured as a contributor Sir William Ingram, whose story, "The Withered Hand," is as dramatic in its intensity as any short story that is appearing in the Christmas Numbers. It is interesting to recall that this was written by Sir William Ingram over thirty years ago, and yet it retains all its characteristic power and freshness. Other contributors are Lady Decies, Lady Bancroft, T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Frank T. Bullen, J. B. Mulholland (the well-known theatrical manager, who comes before the public in the guise of a humorous artist), and Mr. Herman Merivale. Altogether, a brilliantly successful Annual.

Another Christmas Number of which I feel I must express my admiration is the *Pelican*, edited by Mr. Frank M. Boyd. Mr. Boyd, as usual, has secured amusing little stories and poems from some of the best-known members of the theatrical profession, of whom one may mention Mrs. Langtry, George Edwardes, Isabel Jay, and Ellaline Terriss. To my great regret, I observe that two particular *Sketch* favourites, Miss Edna May and Miss Ada Reeve, have not come up to the scratch with their contributions. However, Mr. Boyd makes up for their delinquencies by publishing their portraits, which are none the less pleasing because they are already familiar to *Sketch* readers. The *Pelican* Christmas Number is sure to go.

LORD ROSEBERY: THE MAN AND HIS HOMES.

LORD ROSEBERY can certainly claim to be the mystery man of politics. Even his best friends do not know what line he is intending to take when he makes his much-heralded speech. Certainly no modern politician sees himself the object of so much flattering interest and comment as does the Scottish Peer who seems



LORD ROSEBERY, K.G.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

able to command, with equal facility, the suffrages of the Non-conformist Conscience and of the racing world—that is, of the most serious and of the most frivolous sections of society.

A PRIMROSE ON THE TURF.

Lord Rosebery has been devoted to the Sport of Kings from his earliest childhood. The story goes that, as an Eton boy, he made a wager that he would wed the heiress of the season, become Prime Minister, and win the Derby! More authentic is the tale of his brief interview with Mr. Harry Ulph, the famous book-maker, within two or three days of his being transformed from Lord Dalmeny into Earl of Rosebery. The new Peer inquired of his

old friend what price the latter would lay against a certain horse for one of the big races. The bookmaker named the figure, which was well within market odds. Lord Rosebery remarked, with a smile, "The prices that satisfied Lord Dalmeny will not do for Lord Rosebery!"

LORD ROSEBERY AS A COURTIER.

There is little doubt that, were Lord Rosebery to become again the Premier, he would be on the most pleasant terms with his Sovereign, for, though a stalwart Liberal, no modern statesman is more of a courtier than is the famous Scotch Peer. As is well known, his mother, the late Duchess of Cleveland, was one of Queen Victoria's early friends, and was among her bridesmaids; accordingly, Lord Dalmeny, as he then was, early became used to the atmosphere of Courts. He has often stayed at Sandringham and is a great favourite with the whole of the Royal Family.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

Lord Rosebery has had in some ways a very romantic life. His marriage to the most distinguished daughter of the house of Rothschild

was a true romance, and Lady Rosebery's premature death for a while threatened to drive him out of politics, for no man ever had a more valued and devoted helpmate, and it is also difficult to overestimate the loss that her sympathetic personality has been to the Liberal Party.

LORD ROSEBERY AS A FATHER.

One of the most charming sides of Lord Rosebery's character is his devoted affection and comprehension of his children. Even when they were infants he took the keenest interest in all that concerned them, and was never happier than when playing with them, teaching them, and acting in turn as their mentor and their friend. Of Lord Rosebery's four children, two are sons and two are daughters; of the latter, the younger is the Countess of Crewe. The elder, Lady Sybil Primrose, has now acted for some time as hostess of her father's many beautiful homes. Lord Dalmeny, after a brilliant career at Eton, is about to join the Army; indeed, there was at one time a question of his going to Africa. The younger son is more likely to follow his father's example and to make his mark in the House of Commons.

LORD ROSEBERY AS HERO-WORSHIPPER.

The ex-Premier is essentially a hero-worshipper. His admirable and sympathetic work, entitled "The Last Phase," which describes



MENTMORE, BUCKS.

Photo by H. N. King, London.

with rare insight and power Napoleon's sad closing days at St. Helena, showed him to most of the public in a new character. Fewer people are aware that an ardent admiration for the great Corsican was quite compatible with an enthusiastic affection for Prince Bismarck. Among his intimate friends is the Iron Chancellor's son, now Prince Bismarck, and some years ago he acted as sponsor to the latter's son, who enjoys the name of Otto Christian Archibald. Dalmeny contains a very remarkable collection of portraits of famous men painted by well-known artists; among them is a splendid counterfeit presentment of Bismarck, specially painted to Lord Rosebery's order. Another interesting portrait in this collection is one of Mr. Cecil Rhodes painted by Professor Herkomer.

MARVELLOUS MENTMORE.

Mentmore is certainly the most splendid of Lord Rosebery's dwellings. Built by Baron Meyer de Rothschild, it was the early home of Lady Rosebery. The stately pile overlooks the Vale of Aylesbury, and is situated in the heart of what has become known to all and sundry as "the Rothschild country." Like Tring Park, Aston Clinton, and Waddesdon Park, Mentmore is a treasure-house of artistic marvels. Of great interest, from an historic and artistic point of view, is a chimney-piece which originally adorned Rubens' house at Antwerp. Utterly different in style and architecture is Lord Rosebery's third country home, The Durdans, a comparatively small house within a drive of Hyde Park Corner, and near the famous racecourse at Epsom. A day spent at The Durdans gives a better idea of the interests and tastes of its owner than would a week at Mentmore or Dalmeny. Scarce a room at The Durdans but is more or less lined with books, and in the billiard-room is hung a series of excellent sporting pictures by the still-famous Stubbs, while in the corridor are also paintings and engravings of deep interest to the modern sporting-man.



THE HOME FARM, DALMENY.

Photo by Reid, Wishaw.

SCENES FROM "THE LAST OF THE DANDIES,"

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



LORD RAOUL ARDALE (MR. H. B. WARNER) AND MISS HENRIETTA POWER (MISS LILY BRAYTON).



MR. ROBB HARWOOD AND MR. COURTICE POUNDS AS D'ORSAY'S VALETS.

Count D'Orsay (Mr. Tree). Lady Blessington (Miss Lily Hanbury).
THE DEATH OF D'ORSAY.*From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.*

SOME PLAYERS IN "THE LAST OF THE DANDIES,"

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.



MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS COUNT D'ORSAY.



SIR E. BULWER-LYTTON (MR. G. LAWRENCE).



MISS HENRIETTA POWER (MISS BRAYTON).



FERDINAND (MR. COURTICE POUNDS).



LORD RAOUL ARDALE (MR. H. B. WARNER).



LORD ASCOT (MR. EDMUND MAURICE).



OCTAVIO (MR. ROBB HARWOOD).

From Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The National Game—Ping-Pong as a Society Cachet—Marrying for Ping-Pong—A Grave Social Danger—Professors of Table-Tennis—Profanity: Its Cause and Cure—Does Table-Tennis Lessen Divorce?

FOR the first time a London Championship of our national game is being played for this week. I refer, of course, not to football, cricket, hunting, or other old-fashioned sports of a past century, but to Ping-Pong. The headquarters of the game has established itself at the enterprising Royal Aquarium, a building usually associated with the high-diver, the mermaid, the strong man with the weakness for challenging the world, the chrysanthemum or prize-canary exhibition, and the conjurer—in fact, with almost everything except fish—the agreeable promenade for pleasant converse between young men and maidens. It is an American Tournament, so it is sure to be good, and, if we study the pastime hard for a year or two, the Americans may see their way to send over a team to show us how it really should be played. They will be paid ten pounds a-week each by a syndicate, trained under glass continuously for eighteen months, and will guarantee to hit closer to the net and nearer the edge of the table than a team from any other nation.

"It is like the crick, only it is without the wick," was a Japanese gentleman's description of the game of baseball. Similarly, Ping-Pong is the lawn-tennis, only it is without the lawn; indeed, the entries at the Aquarium include the names of some of the best-known tennis-players in the world. There is obviously a strong lawn-tennis instinct lying dormant in the human breast; it was this which made Ping-Pong a "rage" a few months after its invention, and apparently has established it as a national sport in a year and a-half. Just as by the advent of "Bridge" a lady might become a favourite in the smartest Society, provided she was a finished player, though of uncertain age, without family, fortune, or other accomplishments, unable to talk, and an insufferable bore, so a young man of doubtful antecedents and a character whose prominent features are chiefly negative, and who is destitute of prospects or influence, is fought over by the most reputable hostesses in London if only a consummate master of Ping-Pong. To-day, a "good match on both sides" means one in which the girl has £20,000 a-year of her own and the bridegroom has run up into the last round at the Aquarium.

Statistics prove that a player in the first class of either "Bridge" or table-tennis can make a twenty-five per cent. better marriage than other people—and, after all, marriage is the ulterior object in most of these seemingly innocent recreations. Mothers with wealthy or beautiful daughters are safe in looking on the brilliant player of Ping-Pong as a dangerous adventurer; he can eclipse even the military man and the successful grocer. There is already said to be a Professor visiting Society houses all the morning to give expert instruction in Ping-Pong—a subject now rightly given as prominent a place in the intellectual curriculum of the "finishing" young lady as "Bridge," skirt-dancing, or skating.

Enterprising furniture-warehouses are now having their dining-room tables made exactly nine feet by five (to three places of decimals) and are selling large quantities. There is a great opening for a Ping-Pong "feature" in a daily paper, with expert notes by a professional, or an entire organ devoted to the sport. We shall have a drama written round it soon, though Ping-Pong hardly takes up enough room to make much effect on the stage, whereas cricket, hunting, and racing take up too much. We shall have an international team touring Australia; with every game telegraphed home to the evening papers at enormous expense. An advantage of table-tennis is that it does not wreck the happiness of peaceful homes like dangerous pastimes such as golf and croquet. A husband does not stay out and neglect his work from eleven till half-past seven, and then come home tired and angry.

A wife does not absent herself from her young family every afternoon and every second morning at a Ping-Pong Club. It can be played at home, and really has a tendency to unite households formerly at variance, for, if one member of a family takes to it, they all do. Prodigal sons have discovered unsuspected beauties in their parents' characters over a friendly game, and humbly made solemn declarations to turn over a new leaf, which they have kept for nearly a month at a time. Estranged husbands and wives at the Ping-Pong table have found a subject of conversation for the first time for five years.

Till now, the only bad moral effect of table-tennis has been the shortness of temper induced by having constantly to get on one's knees and look for the ball—an operation usually requiring some three-quarters of the whole time of play. On these occasions, a square room gives one the impression of having from twelve to sixteen corners, and the effect of this curious mathematical phenomenon is increased by all the small tables, flower-stands, and stools in the apartment being heaped in the corners. Moreover, the ball shows extraordinary ingenuity in hiding itself in a dark shadow and close to something made of china and delicate and fragile. Luckily, some sage has now arisen in the land and invented a long stick capable of picking up the ball in the most difficult positions.

HILL ROWAN.

LORD BRASSEY'S TOWN HOUSE.

ROYALTY IN PARK LANE.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG for the first time since the lamented death of her beloved mother appeared at a London function. Her Royal Highness opened at Lord Brassey's house in Park Lane the Winter Sale of the Working Ladies' Guild, an excellent and practical form of charitable work in which Queen Victoria and her daughters were always keenly interested. Lord Brassey's splendid house in Park Lane contains some of the most interesting collections ever brought together by a cultivated traveller.

A LONDON PALACE.

Lord Brassey's town house might well claim a place among the palaces of the Metropolis. It was one of the first London houses to which was added a lift, and Lady Brassey's delightful boudoir is situated on the second floor, high above the roar of traffic. It is in this pretty room, some three times larger than the ordinary London house boudoir, that Lady Brassey gets through an enormous amount of philanthropic work during her brief visits to London, for, as is not unnatural in the owner of perhaps the most famous of modern yachts, the *Sunbeam*, Lord Brassey is never happier than when he, Lady Brassey, and their little daughter are off on the ocean wave, and even the attractions held out by Park Lane cannot compete at all with those offered by the *Sunbeam*. Lord Brassey certainly deserves frequent holidays, for no man has worked harder on behalf of the Navy, and in the fine library, which is one of the most interesting apartments in his town house, may be seen the most complete collection of naval books in existence. Of this collection Lord Brassey's own works form a not inconsiderable portion, for during the last thirty years he has published innumerable pamphlets, papers, and volumes concerning naval subjects, while one of his most notable achievements was that of persuading the Board of Trade to grant yacht-owners certificates of competency to navigate their own yachts, the owner of the *Sunbeam* being, of course, one of the first to pass the very stiff examination.

-THE ELF AND THE FAIRY

In the days that we now chronicle as Once upon a Time,
When the Swans they sang in metre and the Flowers spoke in rhyme,
There lived a little Elf King who was reckoned very wise,
Till he fell a feeble victim to a wayward Fairy's eyes.

Then that sentimental Elf
Trode the forest by himself.

Like a simple-minded mortal new to wooing;
And he sighed and moaned all day,
"If my loved one says me nay,
It will lead to my connubial undoing."

So he sent a Helio-message—he'd a scientific taste,
And he asked if she would married be with all convenient haste,
For he felt he could no longer live a celibate apart,
And he wanted his sweet Fairy-love to share his home and heart.

But the Fairy she was coy,
And her freedom did enjoy,

Though quite ready for a very mild flirtation;
With a twinkle in her eye,
Said she'd meet him by-and-by,

All alone if she were free from observation.

And she made the assignation 'neath a green and leafy tree,
With a mushroom for a barrier, should the Elf too ardent be;
There the fascinating Fairy, with a most coquettish glance,
Gave the Elf the sweet impression that he'd won her in advance.

Then the Elf was filled with bliss,
And he asked for just one kiss,

Like a simple-minded mortal new to wooing;
But the Fairy said him Nay,
And then lightly tripped away,
With a mocking little laugh at his undoing.

B. W. FINDON.

On the most ordinary occasion, Port Sunlight is to the lover of rural beauty a "sweet Auburn," but when, as on Wednesday, Nov. 27, it is gaily decorated with flags and banners, the world-famed village by the Mersey presents a pretty picture indeed. The occasion was a visit from His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Siam, who, while on a tour of the great cities of the North Country, expressed a desire to view the home of Sunlight Soap. Soap and civilisation are synonymous terms, if we accept Dr. von Liebig's dictum, and it was only natural, therefore, that Siam's Crown Prince should express a desire to see the largest soap-manufactory in the world. His Royal Highness was accompanied to Port Sunlight by His Excellency the Marquis Prassiddhi Salakar, Siamese Minister to London; Colonel Phya Rajavallabh, Aide-de-Camp; Mr. Fred. Verney, Councillor of the Legation in London; and Mr. Donald Stewart, Siamese Consul in Liverpool.

LORD BRASSEY'S TOWN HOUSE, PARK LANE,
WHERE PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG OPENED THE WINTER SALE OF THE
WORKING LADIES' GUILD.



LADY BRASSEY'S BOUDOIR.



THE LIBRARY, WHICH CONTAINS THE MOST COMPLETE COLLECTION OF NAVAL BOOKS IN EXISTENCE.

From Photographs by H. N. King, London.

THE CARTWRIGHTS PÈRE ET FILLE.

IT is hardly wise for the *jeune premier* to permit a full-grown daughter to appear on the stage in her own name, and still less in a piece where the father is playing; but Mr. Charles Cartwright's great reputation has not been won as *jeune premier*—though, of course, he has played *jeune premier* parts—and, in fact, it was very agreeable to



MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT.

see his talented, handsome daughter winning applause as Esmeralda at the Princess's Theatre, whilst he earned sincere admiration as Quasimodo in "The Shadow Dance," the fate of which draws one's attention to the change in fashion going on at present. For time was, and but a few years ago, when Adelphi melodrama enjoyed great popularity, and Mr. Cartwright's villain of the piece was one of the chief features—not, indeed, that he was always villain, since in "The Cotton King," as James Shillinglaw, he was on the side of virtue and gave one of the most powerful and effective pieces of acting ever seen in the famous old house.

No doubt, it has been the custom to sneer at Adelphi drama, and there are so-called superior people who make fun of Drury Lane drama, which still flourishes; but those who scoff at the class of play in which Mr. Cartwright did much of his best work forget that melodrama is not easily replaced. Indeed, we have seen in the conversion of the Adelphi to the Century Theatre nothing that can be called a gain to art. One cannot help feeling that, had melodrama been allowed to develop steadily at the old playhouse, real drama of value might have been the outcome—drama, indeed, such as "Secret Service," which, whilst in essence melodrama, was a genuine work of art. Such an actor as Mr. Cartwright, sober in method, sound in technique, gifted with a wonderful voice and powerful, expressive physique, and, as stage-manager, distinguished by the simplicity and strength of his method, might have been able to control its destinies and lead to a genuine drama of the people and for the people, which would have done something to stem the tide of plays written for the stalls and on the assumption that they will be witnessed by playgoers who have dined luxuriously and would improve their digestions if caused to think thoroughly or feel deeply.

Now, of course, the Adelphi has gone, and melodrama, candid melodrama, is out of the mode, but Mr. Cartwright long ago showed that the best melodrama villain of our days, the one intensely impressive by his grim, fierce, almost monotonously restrained method, has many other parts in his power. Has he not twice won admiration in the character of Cromwell? Once, when Sims and Buchanan made a bold and unsuccessful experiment with "The White Rose," and Mrs. Patrick Campbell before her "Tanqueray" days gave a hint of her powers, and lately at the Globe in "Colonel Cromwell," of which he was part-author. He has had success, too, in Shakspeare with the Benson Company, and his work in the difficult part of the King in "Hamlet," as well as in the richer character of Iago, will long be remembered. Again, as work of quite different character, one may remember the Sir Hubert Garlinge in the curious "John-a-Dreams" which first showed Mr. Haddon Chambers's real quality. Concerning his performance in that work, one may quote a comprehensive piece of praise by a very sober critic: "He was the very man the author seemed to intend, and that is, of course, all that

can be required of an actor." Of course, there are players who think that more can be required and given, and try to give it; but, fortunately, Mr. Cartwright is not one of them, and his work is always distinguished by a sense of reticence and restraint which renders his "purple patches" the more noteworthy. One might mention, as showing Mr. Cartwright's versatility, his Marco Valles in "The Silver Falls," in which he made a "hit" by his powerful, romantic acting as the passionate victim of love. By-the-by, in this part he was associated with Miss Olga Nethersole, the remarkable actress too rarely seen in London, who in "The Silver Falls," in 1889, moved the house greatly by her vigorous work. Subsequently, she and Mr. Cartwright toured in Australia with very great success, and it may be said that the method of Miss Nethersole has been a good deal affected by that of Mr. Cartwright, who, indeed, has influenced several of our popular actresses. For he has filled several functions connected with the theatre, having been manager and stage-manager as well as actor; perhaps his most notable work as stage-manager was in his connection with the Prince of Wales's Theatre and Miss Marie Tempest, who so suddenly has become an actress really to be reckoned with.

In management Mr. Cartwright has not always been fortunate, though he has produced some interesting works, such as Mr. Frith's play, "Her Advocate," presented in conjunction with Mr. Henry Dana at the Duke of York's Theatre, and enjoying but a two months' run—too short for modern times—and "Tommy Atkins," in which Mr. Cockburn made a "hit." Management, however, as a wag observed, is not a question of management, but of luck, and it may be that the actor who has so many sincere admirers will some day find the piece that will set him firmly in position as one of our London actor-managers and enable him to work out his theories.

Miss Cartwright, whose dancing as well as acting in "The Shadow Dance" attracted attention, is a young lady who has had a good deal of experience in a short while, and has been throughout in a good school, so that there is little fear of her suffering from the taint of amateurishness that clings to some of our fair and popular players. Her principal work has been in Australia and in the English provinces in her father's Company. Ella, in the adaptation of Tom Gallon's popular "Tatterley," was one excellent performance; Deborah, in "The Tree of Knowledge," Vera, in "Moths," Mary Blenkarn, in "The Middleman," may also be mentioned, and also her acting in "The Degenerates," when on tour with Messrs. Morell and Mouillot. Miss Cartwright's favourite part is the Comtesse de Candale, in "A Marriage of Convenience." Her Betty in "Colonel Cromwell," at the Globe, is, of course, fresh in the memory of playgoers. What are the plans of Mr. Cartwright and his charming, talented daughter, it is hardly discreet to say at present; but an actor of his standing and ability and a young lady of her gifts are people of much importance to playgoers at a time when, alas, there



MISS EDITH CARTWRIGHT.

From Photographs by Walter Barnett, Park Side, S.W.

are many in high places, by happy accident or mere question of temperament, who belong to the great half-baked. Mr. Cartwright may still be called a young man, and there should be great things in store for him and the young lady whose career is so intimately associated with his.



MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES.



MISS MARIE DAINTON AT THE STRAND THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

"THE SKETCH" BEHIND THE SCENES.



MISS MARIE TEMPEST AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.



MISS ADA REEVE, NOW PLAYING "KITTY GREY" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MADAME LALLIE CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

CORONATION CURIOSITIES.

THE CINQUE PORTS BARONS.

In our Coronation take your place.—SHAKSPEARE.

ONE of the most curious and interesting cases which came before the Lords of the Court of Claims was that of the Barons of the Cinque Ports. The question did not turn so much upon the right of the present Barons to represent the Five Ports as upon whether there would be any canopy to carry either outside or inside Westminster Abbey. The birth of the first of these quasi-Barons dates back far into feudal times. Oddly enough, though they are Barons they are not Peers. They were first so styled as a reward after they had repeatedly given most valuable assistance to the Norman Kings of England; and, in addition, they were accorded many privileges. They received a Charter of Incorporation, and a Lord Warden was appointed, while freemen from each port were elected and styled Barons of the Cinque Ports. Among the more notable modern Lords Warden are

on the King's right-hand at the banquet in Westminster Hall. The canopy, staves, and bells were provided by the King, but became the property of the Barons after the ceremony. Three of the silver bells were presented to South Kensington Museum in 1873 by Lady Waldegrave. Sometimes the cloth-of-gold or flowered silver tissue of which the canopies were made was presented to Canterbury Cathedral by Dover and the Western Cinque Ports, and to Chichester by Hastings and the Eastern Ports. The Parish Churches, too, at Dover and Hastings had them for altar-frontals or pulpit cloths, but they have disappeared from the churches long ago, being too gaudy and too expensive to keep in order. Originally they were made of a light but beautifully embroidered material, and were easily carried by a Baron at each corner-staff; but, by degrees, either the canopy grew heavier or the bearer-Barons got weaker, until we are told that there were sixteen selected for the service, and when there was a Queen Consort there were as many as thirty-two. This large number in the crowded Abbey must have been difficult to deal with. But possibly the Barons so increased their numbers to enable them to provide adequate protection for the costly canopy, staves, and bells. Once they had to fight for



BARONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS SUPPORTING THE CANOPY OVER THE KING.

(A) The King. (B) Bishop of Durham. (C) Bishop of Bath and Wells. (D) Four Earls' Eldest Sons. (E) The Master of the Robes.
(F) Barons of the Cinque Ports.

to be found the names of the Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Dalhousie, Lord Palmerston, Earl Granville, and the Marquis of Salisbury.

The first feudal Barons undertook to provide ships to protect the coast and men to man the fleet. Originally there were only five of these once famous ports, namely, Hastings, Dover, Sandwich, Hythe, and Romney. Two more, Rye and Winchelsea, were added by Richard I. in 1191. In the reign of Henry III., Hastings and Dover each supplied twenty-one ships and twenty-one men per vessel, Winchelsea ten, and Hythe, Romney, Rye, and Sandwich five each. These ships the Barons undertook to equip and maintain for fifteen days only, and after that time the country paid the cost.

THE CANOPY.

As a further reward for these services, the Cinque Ports were granted a Charter of Incorporation, and each sent two representatives to Parliament. They also had the distinguished privilege of being summoned to attend the Sovereign at his Coronation, and to bear above him a silken umbraculum, or canopy, upheld on four silver spear-staves, with silver bells at the corners, and also the special honour of a table

these highly treasured perquisites. It was at the Coronation of Charles II., when, after the Barons had escorted the King to his seat at the banquet-table, some of the King's footmen, who, like the rest of those who "assisted," looked upon everything portable as lawful loot, took a fancy to the canopy and bells. The Barons held on bravely, till the King, seeing the scrimmage and inquiring the cause, sacked the offending footmen and made the Barons happy. But, when they returned to take their places at the banquet-table, they found that during the rumpus their places had been appropriated by some gentlemen of the long-robe, who demonstrated to perfection that "possession is nine points of the law," and the discomfited Barons had to take back-seats.

The accompanying engraving gives a good idea of the canopy group. The Barons, indicated by the letter *x*, were sixteen in number. The three at the right front staff were Hastings men, those on the left front came from Dover. The other figures were, *A*, King James II.; *B*, the Bishop of Durham; *C*, the Bishop of Bath and Wells; *D*, four eldest sons of Earls; *E*, the Master of the Robes. A similar group attended the Queen Consort.



[Drawn by Phil May.]

"S'y, 'Liza, looks like a hassignation, don't it?"
"Two of 'em, I sh'ud fink!"

"IN THE DAYS OF THEIR YOUTH."

A Series of Biographical Caricatures by Tom Browne.

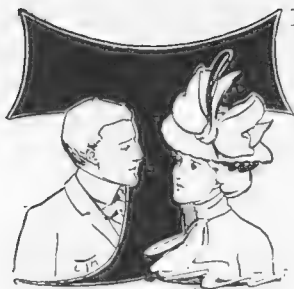


No. II.—SIR HENRY IRVING (MASTERS TOOLE AND TERRY).

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A PITCHED BATTLE.

BY CLO. GRAVES. ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE great Maestro sat at the piano, a small, square instrument. Upon it were piles of music, a bottle of Rhine wine, half-emptied, a cup of black coffee, a plate of sliced garlic sausage, and a roll of black bread, peppered outside with aniseed. A bottle of ink was balanced on the music-desk, a blotted scroll of paper obscured the yellowed keyboard. As the great composer worked at the score of his new opera, he breakfasted, taking draughts from the bottle, bites of sausage and bread, and sips of coffee, at discretion. He was a quaint, ungainly figure, with vivacious eyes, and his ill-fitting auburn wig had served him, like the right lapel of his plaid dressing-gown, for a pen-wiper for uncounted years.

The Maestro was not alone in the dusty studio to which so many people, both of the great and little worlds, sought entrance in vain. An olive-skinned youth, shabbily dressed in a grey paletot over a worn suit of black—a young fellow of sixteen, with a square, shaggy black head and a determined chin, the cleft in which was rapidly being hidden by an arriving beard—leaned against a music-stand crammed with portly volumes, his dark eyes anxiously fixed upon the old gentleman at the piano, who dipped in the ink and wrote, and wrote and dipped in the ink, occasionally laying down the pen to strike a chord or two, in seeming forgetfulness of his visitor.

Suddenly the Maestro's face beamed with a cheerful smile.

"There, *mon cher* Gladiali!" He handed the newly written sheet of music to the boy, and spread his wrinkled fingers above the keys. "This is the great aria-solo I spoke of. Sing that at sight—your training should make such a task an easy one—and let us see what stuff you are made of. *Allons!*" and he struck the opening chord.

Carlo Gladiali turned pale and then red. He crossed himself hastily, grasped the sheet of paper, cast his eyes over it anxiously, and, meeting with a smiling glance the glittering old eyes of the Maestro, he inflated his deep chest and sang. A wonderful tenor voice poured from his boyish throat; heart and soul shone in his eyes and thrilled in his accents. Tears of delight dropped upon the piano-keys and upon the hands of the composer, and when the last pure note soared on high and swelled and sank and the song ceased, the old musician cried—

"Thou art a treasure! Come, let me embrace thee!" and clasped the young singer to his breast. "Once more, *mon beau fils*, once more!"

And as he seated himself at the piano, sweeping the plate of sausage into the wastepaper basket with a flourish of the large, snuff-stained, yellow silk handkerchief with which he wiped his eyes, the door, which had been left ajar, was flung open, and a little, dark-eyed, fair haired girl, who carried a Pierrot-doll, ran quickly into the room.

"Marraine brought me; she is panting up the stairs because she is so fat and they are so steep. Oldest Papa—" she began; but the Maestro held up his hand for silence as the song recommenced. More assurance was in Carlo's phrasing; the flexibility and brilliancy of his voice were no longer marred by nervousness. As the solo reached its triumphant close, the Maestro said, clapping the boy on the back and taking a gigantic pinch of snuff—

"The Archangel Gabriel might have done better. Aha!" He turned, chuckling, to the little girl, who stood on one leg in the middle of the narrow room, pouting and dangling her Pierrot. "*La petite*, there, is jealous. Is it not so?"

"Oldest Papa, you make a very big mistake!" returned the little maiden, pouting still more. "I am not jealous of anybody in the world—least of all a boy like that!" Her dark eyes rested contemptuously on the big, shy, square-headed fellow in the grey paletot.

"A boy, she calls him!" chuckled the Maestro. "*Ma mignonne*, he is sixteen—six years older than thyself! Hasten to grow up, become a great prima-donna, and he shall sing Romeo to thy Juliette—I predict it!"

"I had rather sing with my cat!" observed the little lady rudely.

Carlo flushed crimson, the Maestro chuckled, and a stout lady who had followed her, panting, into the room, murmured, "*Oh! la méchante!*"—adding, as the Maestro rose to greet her, "But she grows more incorrigible every day. This morning she pulled the feathers out of Coco's tail because he whistled out of tune."

The elfin face of the small sinner dimpled into mischievous smiles.

"But that was not being as wicked as the Maestro, who got angry at rehearsal and hit the flute-player on the head with his bâton, so that it raised a bump. You told me that yourself, and how the Maestro—"

"Quite true, *petite*; I did fetch him a rap, I promise you, and afterwards I put bank-notes for a hundred francs on the lump for a plaster. But come now, sing to me, and we will give Signor Carlo here something worth hearing. *Ecoutez, mon cher!*"

"Very well, I will sing; but, first, Pierrot must be comfortably seated. That little arm-chair is just what he likes!" And, as quick as

thought, the wilful little lady tilted a pile of music out of the little arm-chair upon the floor. Then she placed Pierrot very carefully in his throne, and, bidding him be very good and listen, because his *bonne petite* Maman was going to sing him something pretty, she tripped to the piano and demurely requested the aged musician to accompany her in the Rondo of "*Sonnambula*."

Ah! what a miraculous voice proceeded from that small, wilful throat! Stirred to the depths by the extraordinary power and beauty of the child's delivery, Carlo Gladiali listened enthralled, and, when the last notes rippled from the pretty red lips of the now demure little creature, the big boy, forgetting her rudeness and his own shyness, started forward, and, sinking on one knee and seizing the small hand of the child-singer, he kissed it impulsively, crying, "Ah, Signora, you were right, a thousand times! Compared with you, I sing like a cat!"

"Oh no! I did not mean to say that!" the tiny lady was beginning graciously, when the Maestro broke in—

"You both sing like cherubs and say civil things to one another. One day you will sing like angels—and quarrel like devils! Please Heaven, you will both make your début under my bâton, and then, if I crack a flute-player's head, it will be for joy."

Ten years had elapsed. Carlo Gladiali had made a great début under the bâton of his old patron and friend, had risen to pre-eminence as a public singer, had attained the prime of his powers and the apogee of his fame. Courted, fêted, and adored, the celebrated tenor, sated with success, laden with gifts, *blasé* with admiration, retained few characteristics that might remind those who had known and loved him in boyhood of the ingenuous, honest, simple Carlo of ten years ago.

Certainly Carlo's jealousy of the prima-donna who should dare to usurp a greater share of the public plaudits than he himself received was childish in its unreasonableness and Othello-like in its tragic intensity.

At first, he would join in the compliments and smile patronisingly as he helped the successful débutante to gather up the bouquets. Then his admiration would cool; he would tolerate, endure, then sneer, and finally grind his teeth. He would convey to the audience over one shoulder that they were idiots to applaud, and wither the triumphant *cantatrice* with a look of infinite contempt over the other. He had been known to feign sleep in the middle of a great soprano aria which, against his wish, had been encored. He had—or it was malevolently reputed so—bribed the hotel-waiter to place a huge dish of macaroni, dressed exquisitely and smoking hot, in the way of a voracious contralto who within two hours was to essay for the first time the arduous rôle of Brynhild. The macaroni had vanished, the contralto had failed to appear. Numerous were the instances similar to these recorded of the tenor Gladiali and repeated in every corner of the opera-loving world.

But it was in London, where the great singer was "starring" during the Covent Garden Season of 19—, that the haughty and intolerant Carlo was to meet his match.

At rehearsal one morning, Rebelli, the famous basso, said to Gladiali, with a twinkle, "A new 'star' has dawned on the operatic horizon. La Betisi, the pretty little soprano with the fiend's temper and the seraph's voice, has created a furore at Rome and Milan. She will 'star' over here in her successful rôles. I have it from the impresario himself."

"*Ebbene!*" Carlo shrugged his shoulders and smiled with superb patronage. "We shall be very glad to welcome the little one. . . . Artists should know how to value genius in others."

"How well you always express things!" said Rebelli, grinning. "She is to sing Isolina in 'Belverde' on the 10th. The Spanish prima-donna has broken her contract. As Galantuomo, you will have an excellent opportunity of judging of her talents," he added as he turned away, "and of scowling at the lady."

But Carlo did not scowl at first. He was all engaging courtesy and cordial welcome at the first rehearsal, when he was presented ceremoniously to a tiny little lady with wilful dark eyes, pouting scarlet lips, and hair as golden as her own Neapolitan sunshine. She vaguely reminded the tenor of somebody he had seen before.

"The Maestro is coming from Naples to conduct," he heard Rebelli say. "He vowed that La Betisi should make her début under no bâton save his own. Her rôle will be Isolina in his 'Belverde,' in which, you know, she created such a sensation at La Scala."

"And you, Signor, are to sing the great part of Galantuomo in the 'Belverde'?" said the Betisi demurely to Gladiali. "This time I will not say, *I had rather sing with my cat!*"

Carlo started. Yes; there was no mistaking the wilful mouth and the flashing, defiant eyes. The little girl who had sung so divinely in the Maestro's dusty room ten years ago was the new operatic "star." But he was not jealous of the Betisi as yet. He said the most exquisite things—as only an Italian can say them, and bowed over her hand.

"The Signorina has fulfilled the glorious promise of her childhood

and the prophecy of the Maestro," he said. "She who once sang like a cherub now sings like an angel. I am dying to hear you!" he added.

"Ah!" cried the Betisi, with a little trill of laughter, "if you are dying now, what will you do afterwards?" The speech might have meant much or nothing, and, though Carlo Gladiali winced a little, he made no comment.

A few rehearsals later, a cloud of snuff enveloped him, and he was clasped in the arms of a brown great-coat of antique design. Add, above, a grey woollen comforter and a travelling-cap with ear-pieces, and, below, a pair of green trousers, ending in cloth boots with patent-leather toe-caps, and you have the portrait of the Maestro in travelling-costume.

"Heaven be praised, my dear Carlino, that I have lived to see this day! . . . Have you renewed acquaintance with my little witch, my enchanted bird, my drop of singing-water? Embrace, my children; your Maestro wishes it!"

And Gladiali touched the cheek of Emilia Betisi with his lips. Her sparkling eyes looked mockingly into his. Then the Maestro, who spoke not a word of English, scrambled to the conductor's chair and commenced to harangue the musicians who constituted the orchestra in a fluent conglomeration of several other languages, and the rehearsals of "Belverde" began.

The new soprano and the new opera made an instantaneous and unparalleled "hit." Carlo helped to pick up La Betisi's bouquets and made a pretty speech to her at the final descent of the curtain. But his heart was not in his eyes or on his lips.

Upon the second representation, he yawned in the middle of Isolina's great aria, and he openly sneered at the audience for encoring the song three times. In the last Act, in the Garden Scene, which offered the principal opportunity for the display of the new prima-donna's art, Carlo sucked jujubes and openly wore one in his cheek while receiving, as Galantuomo, from the maddened Isolina the most feverish protestations of love. He noted something more than feigned frenzy in the flaming black eyes of the Betisi at this juncture, and, somewhat unwisely, permitted himself to smile. Next moment, he received a deep scratch upon the cheek, which tingled for a moment and then bled copiously, obliging the tenor to sing the final Romanza with a handkerchief applied to his face.

"Convey to Signor Gladiali my profoundest apologies," said the Betisi to her dresser. "He will really think that he was singing a duet with a cat! But the next performance goes better." Her dark eyes gleamed, her red lips smiled. She thirsted for the second representation.

So did Carlo. He had thought out a few little things calculated to drive a *cantatrice* to the pitch of desperation. For instance, at the second encore of her great song, separated only by a duet from his great song in the first Act, he would fetch a chair and sit down. Aha!

But—whether his intention leaked out through Rebelli, to whom in a moment of champagne he had confided it, or whether the Betisi was in league with demons, let it be decided—it was she who fetched, not a chair, but a three-legged stool, and sat down on it in the middle of his first encore. And so charming an air of patience did she assume and so genuine seemed her pity for the deluded public who had re-demanded

the song, that Signor Carlo, who wore a strip of black Court-plaster on one cheek, nearly had an apoplexy. He meant to eat jujubes through her great song, but the Betisi was prepared. She produced a box and offered them to him, singing all the while more brilliantly than she had ever sung before, and when the house rose at her in rapture and demanded an encore, she tripped and fetched the three-legged stool and gave it, with a triumphant courtesy, to the foaming Galantuomo. And the crowded house roared with delight.

But the punishment of Carlo came in the second Act. In the celebrated Garden Scene, where slighted love drives Isolina into temporary madness, she not only scratched her Galantuomo on the other cheek, but pulled his wig off. And in the crowning scene, where Isolina reveals herself as the daughter of the King, and summons the Court

to witness the humiliation of Galantuomo by beating on a gong which is suspended from a tree, came the Betisi's great opportunity. Running through the most difficult passages of the arduous *scena* with the greatest nonchalance, disposing of octaves, double octaves, and ranging from *sol* to *si-flat* in the violin-clef with the utmost ease, she electrified and enthralled her hearers; and, in the *gusto* of singing, when the moment arrived for striking on the gong previously referred to, she missed the instrument and struck the tenor violently upon the nose. The unfortunate organ attained pantomimic dimensions within the few minutes that ensued subsequently to the delivery of the blow and previous to the falling of the curtain, and I have heard was favoured by the gallery with a special call.

"Alas, Signor Carlo, I know not how to express my regret! . . . I was carried away . . ." faltered the Betisi, as with secret triumph and feigned remorse she looked upon the tenor's swollen nose. Carlo gave her a passionate glance over it. As it had enlarged, so had his heart and his understanding; he saw his enemy beautiful, triumphant—a Queen of Song. He was conquered and her slave.

"Never mind my nose," he said generously. "I am beaten, fairly beaten, and with my own weapons. You are a clever woman, Signora, and a great singer. Permit me to take your hand."

"There," she said,

and gave it. "And you, Signor, are a magnificent artist, though I have sometimes thought you a stupid man. What is it but stupidity—*Dio!*" she cried, "to be jealous of a woman of whom one is not even the lover or the husband?"

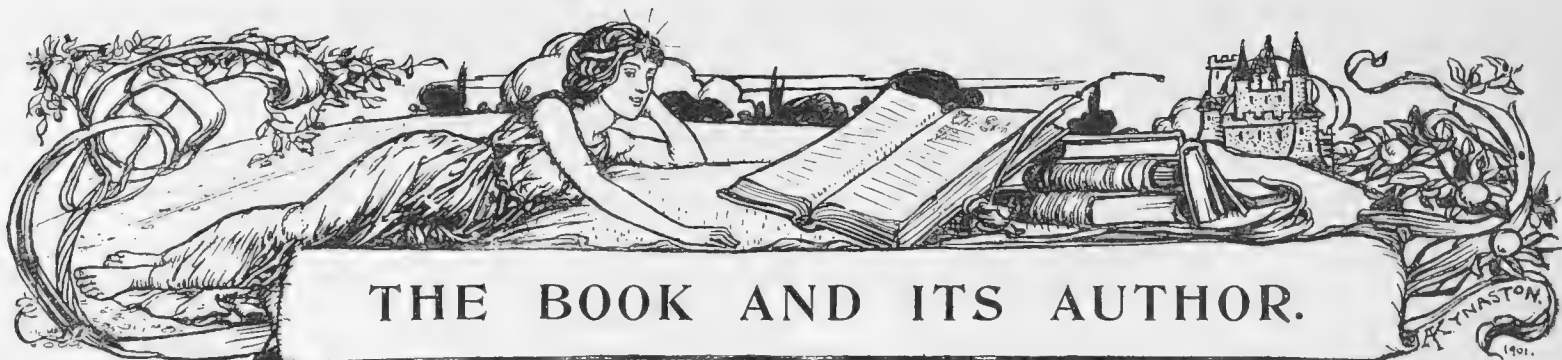
"Give me the right to be jealous," said Carlo the tenor. "Make me one and the other! Marry me, Emilia. I adore you!"

An atmosphere of snuff and mildew enveloped them, as the Maestro, the date and design of whose evening-dress suit baffled the antiquarian and enraptured the caricaturist, embraced both the tenor and the soprano in rapid succession.

"Aha! *Mes enfants*, am I not a true prophet?" he cried. "*Hasten to grow up*, I said to the little one, ten years ago, and Carlo there shall one day sing *Romeo* to thy *Juliette*." He embraced them again. "You sing like angels—you quarrel like devils. Heaven intended you for one another. Be happy!" And the Maestro blessed the betrothed lovers with a sprinkling of snuff.



He received a deep scratch upon the cheek.



"POETS OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, the author of this large and otherwise impressive volume (published by John Lane), is best known as a critic of the drama. By all such as take the stage seriously he is generally regarded as the leading English dramatic critic. He has been compared, and compared favourably, with M. Sarcy and M. Lemaitre, the great contemporary dramatic critics of France. Indeed, there can be few men living whose acquaintance with the drama is so wide as his, whose knowledge of it is so profound, for he is familiar not only with the English stage, but with that of France, Germany, Italy, and Scandinavia. He has appeared as the editor and translator—one might say, the Prophet—of Ibsen, most of whose plays he has made easily accessible to the public.

And, in addition to his being a dramatic critic, Mr. Archer is also a critic of literature—that is, of literature other than drama. Here, in this book, "Poets of the Younger Generation," we have his views on and estimate of some thirty-three poets of the present time. Thirty-three poets! Verily, 'tis a large order, but Mr. Archer's Gargantuan appetite and digestion are equal to it. I do not know whether it will strike the casual reader as an agreeable or a painful thing to be told that there are far more poets of the younger generation singing in divers tones to-day than the thirty-three Mr. Archer selects, but it will be readily conceded that thirty-three poets are, perhaps, enough to go on with "at one time." Still, it seems to me that Mr. Archer might more accurately have called his book "Some Poets of the Younger Generation," particularly as, in his Introduction, he admits having omitted writers "for no better reason than that their work does not happen to chime with" his idiosyncrasy.

A prefatory note tells us that the book was ready for the press in the autumn of 1899, but that its publication was delayed by the outbreak of the War in South Africa. Some additions have been made to the text in the interim, but the book stands substantially as it was written in 1898-9, and a certain inconvenience has resulted from this fact. "For instance," says Mr. Archer, "several poets who in 1898-9 were 'still more or less on probation,' are now on probation no longer, and the tone of advocacy which I have here and there adopted may, perhaps, seem uncalled for. It is not my fault, however, that the great critic, Time, has in these cases been beforehand with me. I tried to anticipate his judgment: he has turned the tables and anticipated mine." Very neatly turned all round! But I notice, with some amusement, that Mr. Archer finally gets ahead of Time, for on the title-page of the volume I see it is dated MCMII—1902!

And now I hasten to say that Mr. Archer has in this volume given us a "body" of criticism as illuminating as sincere, and hence of the

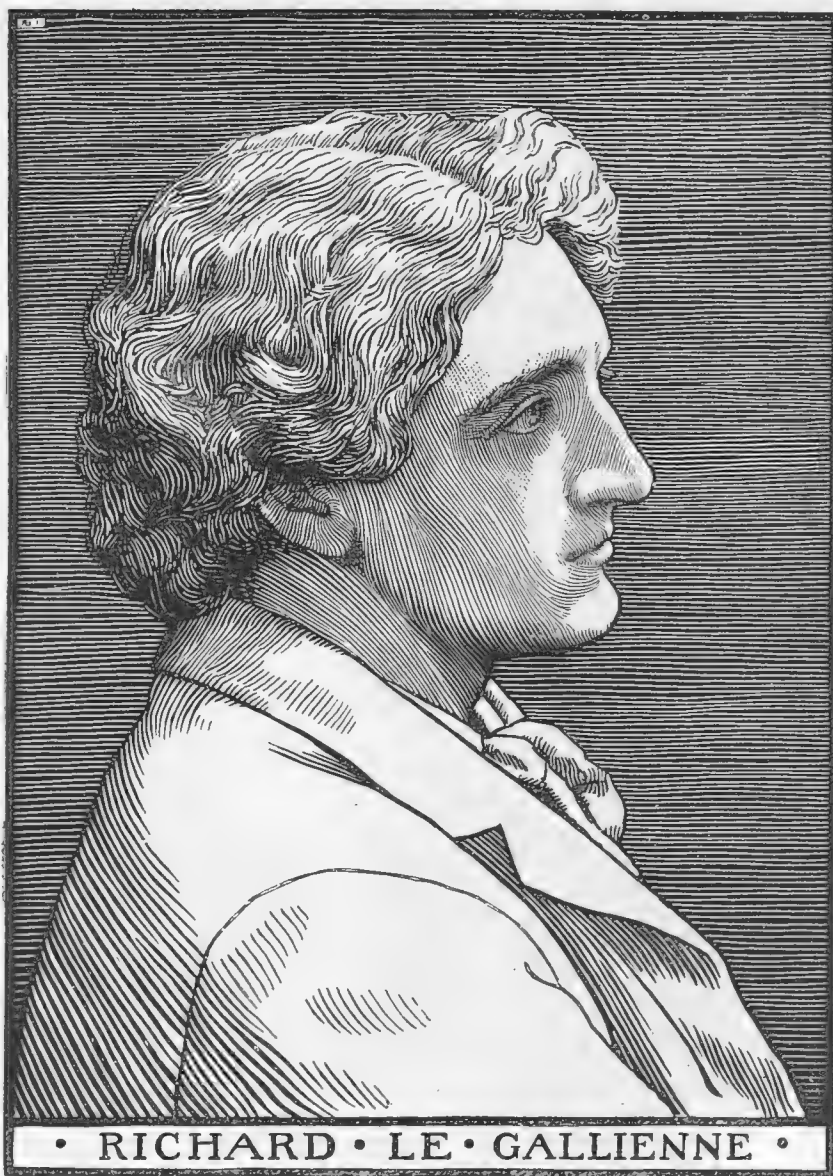
highest value. He combats the idea—the general tendency among cultivated people—to assume that English poetry has of late entered upon a temporary or permanent period of decadence. He deprecates the use of the term "minor poet," because it has a depressing and sterilising influence. The only real distinction is between true poets and poets falsely so-called. And a poet should be judged by his best work, not by his worst. With this standard in his mind, Mr. Archer's effort is to encourage readers to seek for and cling to what is noble, rare, and permanent in a poet's work. He attempts no grouping of schools, no tracing of general tendencies, but regards each poet as an isolated phenomenon to be considered separately. And then he makes some observations on his own qualifications for the post of Critic of Poetry.

"In the first place," says he, "I am a pure-bred Scotchman." *Placetne vobis?* I, for one, must shout, "The Ayes have it!" Jestings apart, the most interesting thing in Mr. Archer's Introduction is his sketch of the growth of his taste for poetry, beginning with the "On Linden, when the sun was low," of his school-days, and going on by way, so to say, of Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and so on, until the whole splendid field lay open before him. Finally, he defines himself as of the Keats-Tennyson school rather than of the Shelley-Browning. The whole of Mr. Archer's Introduction is well worth reading; it is ably written, and in places, especially in the fine closing sentences, it is nobly eloquent.

Mr. Archer has brought together in these criticisms of his what he justly styles a "very remarkable body of poetry." It includes the verse of not a few well-known poets, and of some not so well known. Amongst them are Bliss Carman, Quiller-Couch, John Davidson, Mrs. Hinkson, the Housmans, Rudyard Kipling, Richard Le Gallienne, Mrs. Meynell, Henry Newbolt, Stephen Phillips, Professor Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, Arthur Symonds, William Watson, and William Butler Yeats. Space forbids giving a full list of the thirty-three. In each critical review are numerous quotations from the poet dealt with and two or three samples of his quality.

In a short article such as this it is obviously impossible for me to go into each—or, indeed, any one—of these critical papers of Mr. Archer's, but I may say that I have read and enjoyed them all. Naturally, I have not always found myself in exact agreement with the author's views, but I have been impressed, as no one can fail to be impressed, with both the sincerity and breadth of Mr. Archer, and also with the felicity and fecundity of his language and thought. A very full man is Mr. Archer! A feature of the book lies in its illustration, each poet having given him a full-page wood-cut by Robert Bryden. Most of these are excellent—that of Mr. Le Gallienne is reproduced on this page as a specimen—but one or two are not equal to the rest. That of Professor Roberts is enough to give him a fit.

ROBERT MACHRAY.



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MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"MY ARTFUL VALET."

MR. MORTIMER'S piece, now given at Terry's, is an old friend, formerly withdrawn ere its run was really over. It may not represent the highest class of farce, but at least is a capital specimen of the rollicking play of intrigue, and in the hands of its well-chosen Company causes lots of laughter by its turns and twists, which bring all the persons of the play into trouble and confusion. Mr. James Welch is the central figure, and, as the impudent fellow who changes place with his master for a while, acts with a fine sense of character and rich humour. Mr. Wigney Pereyval, in his old part of Evitoff, the Russian diplomatist anxious for somebody's blood but desirous of remaining always "calm and correct," was very funny. Mr. Blakiston, whose Sheerluck Jones has brought him to the front, played cleverly the part of the master whose love-affairs get him into difficulties; and Mr. John Willes was amusing. The ladies' parts were taken by Miss Portia Knight, Miss Gordon Lee, and Miss Pollie Emery, all successful in their work. "My Artful Valet" is followed by "Sheerluck Jones," which has "caught on" and is received every night with hearty laughter.

MR. HARE'S FAREWELL PERFORMANCES

of the delightful Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles" have been construed by certain imaginative minds into his farewell of the stage. That, happily, is not to be at present, for before the green curtain falls on his professional career—after which his admirers will hope he will, like his former Manager, Sir Squire Bancroft, be spared to enjoy many years of leisure—he will be seen in a new play by Mr. Pinero, who will, no doubt, furnish him with as fine a part for the display of his facile art as in "The Gay Lord Quex." Before the night comes for Mr. Hare to definitely say good-bye, he will, if present arrangements hold, not only be seen again in the chief cities of the United States, but he may even go to Australia, a country he has not visited, in order to give the people "down under" the opportunity of seeing one of the most brilliant masters of the art of character-acting of modern times. Indeed, during his season at the Criterion, which, by arrangement with Mr. Wyndham, begins on Jan. 4, Mr. Hare will appear as the old Lord in "A Quiet Rubber" a part he has acted it



LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. JOHN HARE,
WHO IS ABOUT TO GIVE A FAREWELL PERFORMANCE OF "A PAIR OF SPECTACLES,"
AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

would be difficult to say off-hand how many hundreds of times, but always with a sense of what might be defined as the under-elaboration of an elaborate performance. Everyone will cordially join with *The Sketch* in wishing Mr. Hare a very successful season.

MISS DORA BRIGHT,

who has recently come before the public as the composer of the incidental music to "Scrooge," the version of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" played



MISS DORA BRIGHT AT HOME,
ORCHESTRATING THE OVERTURE TO "SCROOGE," PERFORMED AT SANDRINGHAM
BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.

at the Vaudeville Theatre, is a lady of whom much is expected by musicians. She was educated at the Royal Academy of Music, and was a favourite pupil of Sir George Macfarren, among her fellow-students being Mr. Edward German. Miss Bright gained several scholarships, and among her other distinctions is that of being the first lady who ever won the prize for composition. She is, perhaps, better known in London as a pianist, and on the Continent, especially in Germany, she is recognised as one of the best of the modern English school of pianoforte-players. The music to "Scrooge" is the first theatrical composition that Miss Bright has brought before the public, and there is no doubt that the performance was greatly strengthened by her music.

GERMAN PLAYS.

Fräulein Schwendemann-Pansa's time over here is, I believe, limited, and the German Company are evidently very anxious that she should appear in as many plays as possible, for last week they changed their bill after two performances. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, "Haus Rosenhagen," by Max Halbe, was given. Christian Rosenhagen is a grasping landowner who has gradually acquired all the neighbouring property with the exception of a small estate belonging to one Thomas Voss. The latter shows him a bold front, and, although at old Christian's death-bed the two men go through a reconciliation, it is indeed a farce, for scarcely has Voss left the house than the father staggers into the room to impress on his son the necessity of driving him from his land. Karl thinks to succeed better by smooth ways, and might have done so had not Martha, his cousin (mad for love of him), fanned the fire of hatred. She is desperate, for she has heard of the beautiful mansion that is to be built for another woman on those coveted acres. Documents are discovered proving that the bone of contention is in reality the property of the village, and, as Rosenhagen is the lord of the village, he is practically the owner. Enraged at his defeat, Voss shoots Karl, the ill-fated man dying in the arms of Hermine, who, at all costs, has tried to lure him from the home in which he had promised his father to remain. The most original character in the play is that of the grandmother with the callous indifference of age to the poignant emotions of the younger folk. She has seen it all before, is her cry, and even the terrible death of her grandson fails to move her. This rôle was well played by Josefina Dora, but she was made-up much too young for a woman within measurable distance of a hundred years. The cast was particularly good, even the minor parts being extremely well acted.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

The opera founded on the works of Chopin was produced last week at Milan, but does not seem to have produced much impression.

I enjoyed the recent performance of Professor Stanford's opera, "Much Ado About Nothing," at the Lyceum Theatre. I discovered new beauties in the score, which Dr. Stanford conducted, and the representation by the Royal College students was entitled to the warmest congratulations. May he soon write another Grand Opera!

Mr. William Shakespeare, the new Conductor of the Strolling Players' Orchestral Society, will preside at the first concert of the new season, which will be given to-day (Wednesday). Some very important works will be then heard, among them the Bavarian Dances of Dr. Elgar, which he has entirely re-scored. In addition, there will be works of Schumann and Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

In the Wilds of Siberia—The Delights of an English Fog—Bicycles in Russia—The Muscovite Wheelwoman—The Two Shows—A Move towards Lightness—The Coming of the Motor-Bicycle.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Dec. 11, 4.50; Thursday, 4.50; Friday, 4.50; Saturday, 4.50; Sunday, 4.49; Monday, 4.49; Tuesday, 4.49.

A glance at the tail of these paragraphs will show that the initials of "J. F. F." over which this page of wheeling notes has been written for nearly three years, are resumed. Four months ago I bade "Good-bye" to my crowd of cycling friends who read *The Sketch*, and now I am back to say "Good-day." Since last I wrote "The Man on the Wheel," I have been a little jaunt of some fifteen thousand miles in Russia, Siberia, and Manchuria. When I was far away in Central Siberia, a newspaper paragraph overtook me full of commiseration for the hardness of my task in cycling across the sandy, stony, snowy ways of Asia. But I wasn't cycling. I was travelling by train, by boat, by tarantass, and by sledge, as comfortably as I could. And, as confession is good for the soul, let me declare that during my absence never once was I astride a bicycle.

I came back to Old England only three or four days ago. I had traversed seven thousand miles of snow in Siberia, and it seemed like home to get back to fog and murkiness and the streets of slithering mire. My roadster was ready for me, and on the second morning back in London I got it out, and away I went a jaunt along some favourite roads of mine to the south of "the big village." It was a bleak, raw day, the bare, dead trees dripped dejectedly, and the roads were greasy and slushy. Yet I felt the joy of the man coming home to his own, as it were. Good, sloppy, splashing, English muck has even an attraction when you have been a long time from it and missed it. Nobody has ever accused me of growling about English weather. And when I hear folks snarling about the rain and the dirt and the sooty fogs, I would like to send them to Siberia, say, for a few months, and then, maybe, they would sigh, "Oh, for the taste of a London mist!"

Everybody knows that the bicycle, nowadays, is everywhere. Therefore, to say I have seen it on the far-off banks of the Amur, dividing Siberia and Manchuria, is really to tell no news. In the great city of Irkutsk, often called "the Paris of Siberia," I have watched young fellows scorching along for all the world like the Saturday-afternoon crowd down the Portsmouth Road. At Blagovestchensk it is quite a common thing to see a Russian officer riding from parade on a bicycle and with his sword dangling by his side. I always watched for the thing to get among the spokes, but my watching was never rewarded. When winter had set in, I was glad to see that wheelmen in Moscow and St. Petersburg did not stick their bicycles away till fine weather comes again next year. They rode about on the snow. More than once last year I lauded the delights of cycling in the snow. Of course, the fall must be slight, but the sensation of riding over this white carpet while the world around is peaceful is a thing that can be enjoyed but very inadequately described.

Naturally, I was interested in the bicycles the Russians rode. I saw only two English-made machines, but many hundreds of German make. Indeed, it struck me there were more German-made machines in Russia than Russian-made. As a rule, they were good, sensible machines, excellent for all-round wear, and, compared with English prices, rather cheap. The registration of wheels is compulsory in Russia. Registration has its advantages, but they certainly overdo it in the Land of the Czar. There is much to be said in favour of a neat number on a machine; but in the Russian towns it is necessary to have a big placard, about eight inches by four, with a number on it, stuck like a sort of tin banner over the front-wheel, whilst to the saddle hangs another red placard almost as big as the back-panel of a butcher's cart. Russian cyclists, who have been used to this double registration from the start,

do not notice anything wrong, but to my eye this excessive labelling was decidedly ugly.

During the four months I was in Russia I can only recall having seen two lady riders, and that was in sunny August in the Petrovski Park, close to Moscow. The Russian authorities do not look with a too kindly eye on women cyclists. Ladies must first get permission from the police, and then they can ride only in prescribed districts outside the towns. As roads outside Russian towns are much like the snakes in Ireland, non-existent, there is not much inducement to the girlhood of Russia to go roaming a wheel.

It was pleasant to get back to London just in time to catch a hurried glimpse of the two Cycle Shows—the National at the Crystal Palace, and the Stanley at the Agricultural Hall. Were they to combine, they would make one capital Show. There was plenty of open space. Besides, it is rather a hardship on the wheelman to have two Shows, at different sides of London, on at the same time. The inclination is to skip one, unless he is particularly enthusiastic—and that the average wheelman has ceased to be. I found each Show decidedly interesting. A couple of years back, I protested as hard as I could against the tendency to make roadsters heavy. The idea seemed to be that a roadster should weigh something between 32 lb. and 36 lb. Happily, that idea is going to the wall, and excellent roadsters were on view from 25 lb. to 28 lb. in weight. I think 28 lb. is about the proper weight, fully equipped. The great danger now is, the pendulum having started to swing towards lightness, that the craze of some four or five years ago for exceeding lightness will set in again. This is a bad craze, for the point comes when stability must be sacrificed to weight, and then Coroners' inquests begin to loom in the distance.

I have always had rather more than a sneaking affection for the motor-bicycle, either because I am waxing lazy or because the idea of a perpetual coast over hill and through dale appeals strongly to my imagination. I cannot say I saw an entirely satisfactory motor-bicycle at either Show, but the makers are on the high-road to genuine success, and I would not be at all surprised if next summer many hundreds are to be seen on the road, and that in a few years the pedal-driven machine will be as rare as the old high ordinary is at the present day. Personally, I am saving up my spare sixpences to be expended in a good motor-bicycle as soon as I see one that takes my fancy. There is no such thing as finality in bicycle manufacture, and, though for the last year or two makers have interested themselves chiefly in details and accessories, the trend now seems to be towards devising a reliable motor. And, as one who wants to own a motor-bicycle, I wish all power to their inventive faculties.

J. F. F.



MISS VESTA VICTORIA, THE WELL-KNOWN MUSIC-HALL COMÉDIENNE.

Photo by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

MISS VESTA VICTORIA.

Until the end of last week, Miss Vesta Victoria was filling one of those periodical engagements at the Tivoli which always make her a bright particular "star" in the Variety firmament. Especially popular has been her song "When Tommy Comes Home Again," which is in such striking contrast with that about "the apple." Why she should have the vogue she does is not at all difficult to understand when one watches closely the way in which she sings and sees how she manages to squeeze every possibility of expression out of each phrase, both of the music and the words. Tommy's song, in spite of its now somewhat hackneyed association, is likely to have a more prolonged vogue than ever, and if Miss Victoria sings it until Tommy does come home again, it is not unlikely, if the pessimists may be believed, that she will go on until the youthful Tommies are grey and she herself has celebrated more Christmases than she cares to count. Happily, however, in this pessimistic world optimism always prevails, and when Tommy comes home again he may be able to listen to and applaud Miss Victoria while she is yet in the plenitude of her powers.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Non-Starters.

We shall never see good sport under National Hunt Rules as long as owners take their horses to the course and then send them home again without starting them for races in which they are engaged. Many owners, including titled gentlemen, do not hesitate to lend themselves to these unsportsmanlike actions during the winter months, and I consider it to be necessary to tell these people that it is a grave injustice to the sporting public. Thanks to the telegraph-wires, it is now possible to give a list of probable runners in the evening papers, and I really do believe that gate-money is obtained through this being possible. But it is hard lines on those poor people who pay big railway-fares and tall ring-fees to see their special fancies perform when they find that, although the horses referred to are in the paddock fit and well, they are not allowed to start. This is a subject on which Clerks of Courses should get the National Hunt Committee to legislate. When I book seats at a theatre to see a certain "star" and he or she does not appear, I want my money back, and I get it if in the humour. The public should agitate for the same rule to apply on the racecourse.

Top-Hats.

Next year will be a top-hat year, but I do hope some little relaxation will be allowed at the home-meetings. Of course, on all occasions when the Court is represented at race-meetings, we shall have to don tall hats, and it will be impossible to shirk them at Ascot, Goodwood, and Epsom. I think, however, that the gentlemen who go racing should be allowed to doff the top-hat in favour of the Panama at meetings such as Ascot and Goodwood if the sun happens to shine brightly. Cloak-rooms could be provided for the reception of the "toppers" during the racing. This would allow gentlemen to go to and from the course in full-dress. I think the King, when Prince of Wales, looked more natural in a plain yachting-cap than anything. Lord Wolverton and Lord Dunraven often wore yachting-caps on the course. I have never yet seen Mr. R. H. Fry wearing a top-hat, but I have seen the Duke of Devonshire in a bowler, which, by-the-bye, is unsuited to him. Mr. H. Chaplin does not look well in a bowler, and the Right Hon. J. Lowther ought never to wear a bowler; neither should the Earl of Rosslyn. I once saw Tommy Loates in a tall-hat, but it was not a big success—in fact, the jockeys do not look well in "chimney-pots."

Jumpers.

It is really remarkable how few good jumpers are trained at Newmarket. Colonel McCalmont has laid out a capital course on the Link Farm fields, but it is worthy of remark that his own jumpers are trained away. Our most successful trainers of jumpers are Swatton, Escott, Fitton, Batho, Sir C. Nugent, Collins, Sentence, Coulthwaite, Rooney, Binnie, W. Nightingall, Major Edwards, W. Holt, Humpage, Driscoll, Pullan, Sidney, Smith, and H. Powney. If we except the last-named, Cullen, Major Edwards, and perhaps W. Nightingall, the trainers do very little under Jockey Club Rules. The moral would appear to be that mixed training is not profitable. Anyway, the Newmarket trainers who do well on the flat are seldom successful with jumpers. On the other hand, the little men who own, train, and ride in races do very well under National Hunt Rules. They get used to their horses and know how these should be trained and ridden. A trainer pointed to a horse the other day and told me it was only necessary to put a strange jockey up to get weight off. The animal in question is such a queer beggar that he will never win if forced. Let him do all the work at his own sweet will and he generally romps in. Directly a jockey of experience tries to "ride" him home, he cuts it and curls up like a snake.

Nomenclature.

One or two owners have actually entered unnamed horses for hurdle-races and steeplechases, which proves that they know little or nothing of National Hunt Rules. No horse unless bearing an eligible name can be entered for any race run

under National Hunt Rules, and the Jockey Club might easily pass a law compelling every owner to name his two-year-olds and other unnamed horses at least fourteen days before the commencement of each flat-racing season. As the horses are items of the day's programme, they should at least bear a name, and I am always delighted to see an unchristened two-year-old lose a race, especially if he is a good one. If owners are too lazy or too ignorant to find names for their young horses, an official should be told off to do the work for them; but never more than two words should be allowed for any horse's name, as the days of "Tommy Up a Pear-Tree" should have been killed dead when the electric telegraph came into general use. His Majesty the King sets a good example to owners by choosing simple names for his horses, and it should be noted that animals of the crack-jaw nomenclature order boast of little besides their name to help them on the road to success.

Sales.

There is very little money in horseflesh at this season of the year, but the net results of the Newmarket Sales were most disappointing. I was not sorry to find that

several horses in training failed to fetch the reserves placed upon them. For instance, take the case of Sir Blundell Maple and "Mr. Kincaid." I think those gentlemen are far more likely to place all the horses they own to advantage than new owners. Further, we are always glad to see the colours of the two gentlemen named carried successfully. It is hard luck on Sir Blundell that his leading jockey, Sam Loates, should have met with such a serious accident; but Sam is made of stern stuff, and, unless I am grievously mistaken, he will be all right by March or, at the latest, by May. It is wonderful how hard in condition a jockey is who never has to waste.

Prices.

I am told that there is a talk of raising the prices at some of the fashionable meetings next year, but I hope this is not true. In fact, I think ten shillings per day is quite enough to pay for admission to the Grand Stand Enclosure at Ascot and Goodwood, and I, for one, could never see why double-prices should be charged on Cup-days. The Ring charges at Newmarket and Aintree ought to be reduced, and I think the receipts at all the chief meetings should be pooled and season-tickets issued to cover the lot. This might be done if the Jockey Club organised a staff of clerks to run the Turf Clearing House.—CAPTAIN COE.



DONALD STEWART, THE KING'S OLDEST GAMEKEEPER.

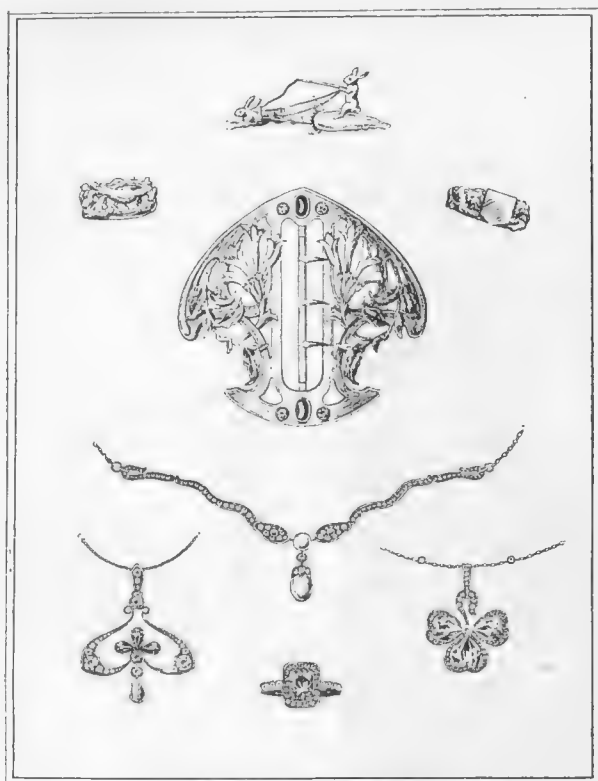
A ROYAL GAMEKEEPER.

For fifty-three years Donald Stewart has acted in the capacity of gamekeeper at Balmoral, being seventy-five years of age. The King, of course, has many gamekeepers, but none have anything like Stewart's record to their credit. He was appointed second keeper at Balmoral Castle in 1848, and is now the only one of all the male servants in the Royal employment who welcomed the then young Prince of Wales on his first visit to Balmoral Castle. Since 1874, Stewart has occupied the position of head gamekeeper or forester, and, as in the case of Her late Majesty, he is a great favourite of the King. Three years ago, on completing his half-century in the Royal service, Stewart was graciously presented by the late Queen Victoria with a handsome eight-day clock. Inscribed thereon were the words, "To Donald Stewart, Head Gamekeeper at Balmoral, in remembrance of his faithful services for fifty years to the Queen and Prince Consort. V.R.I., Sept. 8, 1848-98." The members of the late Queen's Household also presented him with a handsome silver salver bearing a similar inscription. This venerable gamekeeper is still in the enjoyment of good health, is very active, and attends vigorously to his duties. At the recent reception of the King by the Balmoral Highlanders, Stewart, who was dressed in the Highland costume, was commanded by His Majesty to come up to the Royal carriage. After some kindly inquiries, the King desired his trusted gamekeeper to walk alongside the carriage, which he did from the entrance-gate to the door of the Castle. In spite of his great age, Stewart invariably accompanies the King while shooting on the Balmoral ground and had the honour of doing so recently.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

IN directing attention to the artistic pre-eminence achieved by Mappin Brothers in l'Art Nouveau as relating to jewellery, I omitted in last week's issue to mention a few *bibels* of silver-ware and other things which attracted the susceptible feminine fancy. One was a rosewood marqueterie table, which, in the manner of the historic one of



NOVELTIES AT MAPPIN BROTHERS', REGENT STREET, W.

Le Roi Soleil, disclosed a complete tea-service on opening the leaves, which duly disappeared when closed. Spirit- and writing-tables on the same lines were also to be had for the paying, and I know of no more invaluable invention for a London house where space, or the saving of it, especially in Mayfair, is the crux of the establishment. The Mappin Brothers' "Bijou" silver lamp, with silk shade, is also a present to be prayed for; in their celebrated plate it wears equally well, and the price, twenty-eight-and-six, is very get-at-able. A silver holster-flask with cup and saddle-case is the thing for a hunting-man, and there are dozens of delightful things, both in the catalogue and out, which Mappin Brothers send to the country on approval when people cannot come to town for Christmas shopping. I found an item for the breakfast-

table at 220, Regent Street, in a new toast-warmer, and a silver spiritine-lamp and tongs should be introduced to every travelling-bag as models of compact convenience. Some sketches of new effects in l'Art Nouveau Jewellery which were mentioned in last week's issue are inserted here, and will serve to show the style and *chic* which distinguish Mappin Brothers' productions in every department.

A little lower down this fascinating Regent Street of ours one comes on a shop which must powerfully appeal to the inborn instincts of dainty womankind. Every form of bonbonnière, satin-embroidered bags from France, carved woodwork from Japan, lacquer boxes of the finest work, and many other dainty receptacles for the Parisian fondants, Marquis chocolates, and other toothsome confections, for which Sainsbury has so long been renowned. The Sainsbury flower-perfumes are also essences of the most superfine, his White Acacia, Clove Pink, Cowslip, and Jonquil recalling their respective name-flowers exactly; while the Sainsbury Lavender-flower Water is quite distinct from the ordinary essence of that name, and has enjoyed a reputation befitting its virtues ever since 1839, when the first Sainsbury invented the particular method of its manufacture. There is also an interesting collection of baskets at 136, Regent Street, made by the natives of Labrador from sea-grass—almost their only industry. These baskets are exceedingly durable and of the finest texture. Filled with fondants, they would make a highly acceptable and very original present.

Of an order which will appeal to the most difficult are the many seductive types of cadeaux which have been prepared for the coming Yuletide season by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing

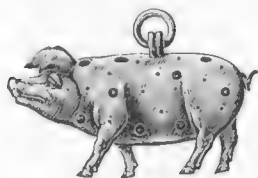


FONDANT-BOXES AT SAINSBURY'S, REGENT STREET, W.

Company, of 188, Oxford Street. One essentially popular item is their lucky-pig charm, plain or set with turquoises and perforated to emit an everlasting scent, after the manner of eighteenth-century pomander-balls. The prices of these golden porkers are absurdly cheap, beginning at fifteen shillings for the smallest size. Another item—also illustrated here—which should powerfully appeal to the gratitude of the recipient, is a charming little velvet case fitted with two gold lace safety-pins, two gold scarf-pins, and a solid, strong waist-pin, all set with rich purple amethysts, for the incredibly modest sum of fifty shillings.

Of more ambitious jewellery there is a plentiful display, from diamond rings to tiaras, and the Clark Manufacturing Company have, moreover, the name of selling at a very low rate of profit. Fitted dressing-cases they make a speciality, and one here illustrated is worthy of remark, being of finest crocodile-skin, lined with leather, bound silk pockets, and containing an elaborate list of toilet and travelling necessities in chased silver, the complete price of this compact little case being only fifteen guineas.

Another unusual bargain, to which attention is called in the Clark Company's catalogue on page 34, is a massive silver toilet-set of twenty-one articles, containing every imaginable necessary for the toilet-table, from brushes to curling-tongs-box, all of which can be obtained for the equivalent of twenty-five pounds, which I am advised is about half the ordinary price; and which, on all accounts, makes this offer a very tempting one. Dainty trifles for less important presents abound. There is a safety inkstand of plain and solid silver for thirteen-and-six; a silver sealing-wax-holder for six-and-six; a case of six silver buttons and waist-buckle, manicure-sets, engagement day-to-day calendars in pierced silver, with tear-off slips, for 1902, cost only twelve-and-six, and a thousand other attractive trifles too varied and numerous to mention; from all of which it may be gathered that a visit to 188, Oxford Street, will amply repay the novelty-hunter as it cannot fail to satisfy the economist, both originality and moderation in price being acknowledged characteristics of the firm.



LUCKY-PIG CHARM.



VELVET CASE OF GOLD AND AMETHYST PINS.



FITTED DRESSING-CASE.

Those who find themselves in that centre of the Universe which we know as Piccadilly Circus cannot pass by the attractive exterior which Messrs. Drew and Sons show forth in their windows without many searchings of heart and pocket. Rarely have so many seductive articles been brought into so many square yards of space, and it is not surprising that from town and country alike people stand three deep gazing at the alluring interior within. It is, perhaps, as the premier inventor of the tea and luncheon baskets which have now a world-wide use that Drew and Sons are most prominently known. They also specialise in dressing-bags to an equal extent, however, and from the complete but modest case at five guineas or thereabouts to the gold-stoppered, gem-inset dressing-case of the millionaire at a cool thousand sterling, or perhaps more, every intermediate grade is carefully studied and catered for. This illustrated model of a crocodile-covered dressing-case is the most elegant imaginable. The fittings

are entirely gold, with a narrow Louis Seize bordering, and the whole thing is the acme of luxurious good-taste. Drew and Sons, always improving on their registered designs for tea and lunch baskets, have invented a new combination of fittings in this illustrated model, which touches the apex of convenience and comfort as a Christmas present; it would express the unexpressed wishes of hundreds in the most acceptable way possible, as a luncheon or tea basket now enters into the outdoor economy of the entire civilised world.

Drew and Sons, moreover, cultivate new departures in silver *bibelots* and *bijouterie* to a very considerable extent. Some quite plain tortoise-shell clocks, copies of a Louis Seize model, I noticed as being in particularly good taste—they are, moreover, not obtainable elsewhere—pocket-books and purses of ultra-elegance, silver-ware, pierced or engraved, in an uncountable variety of objects, and all the other thousand-and-one small elegancies which go to make up the sum of pleasure to the well-bestowed, either to give or receive, at this festive season of the year.

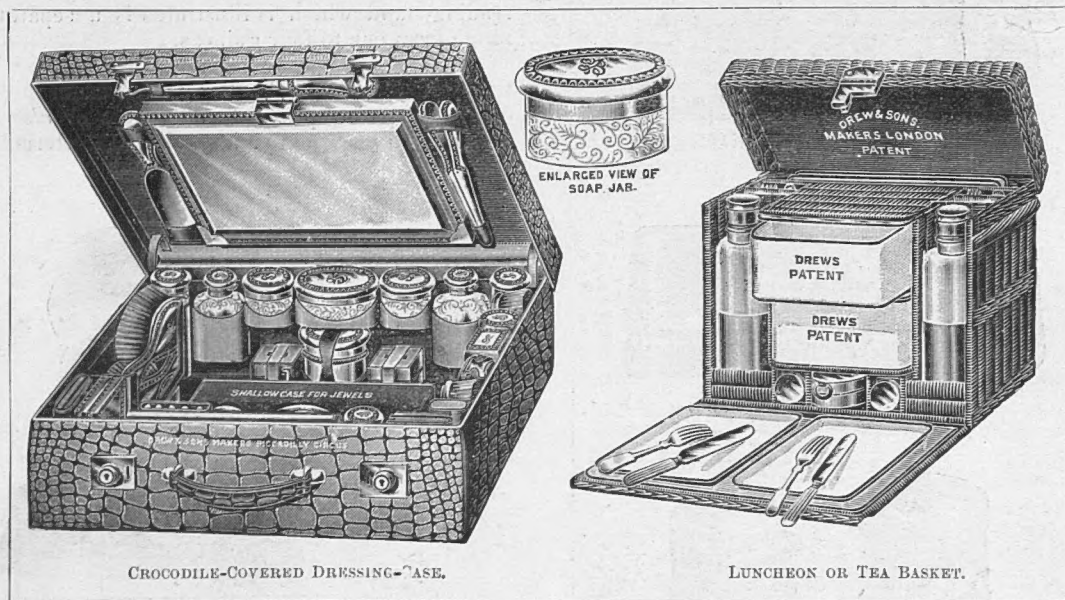
Messrs. Wilson and Gill are showing, at 134, Regent Street, a portentous array of jewellery with which to tempt the benevolent uncle or indulgent husband at Christmas. Besides the more important matters of tiara or pearl collar at from fifty to five thousand pounds, such enviable matters as corsage festoons in diamonds and pear-shaped pearls at four or five hundred pounds, there is a large variety of inexpensive and artistic jewellery at prices ranging from thirty shillings upwards. A finely chased gold pheasant-brooch costs £3; a tortoise-brooch in ruby, pearl, and enamel, £8 15s.; a trefoil lace-pin

with chain and two diamond-centred shamocks for £5 10s., and many other attractive trifles at equally easy figures. Some very new and pretty enamelled keyless watches are available at fifty shillings, while, for those who can "run to" more, a beautifully designed diamond lace-comb, No. 7202 in the catalogue, is one of the most graceful designs producible, and gives an immense effect for the £180 asked.

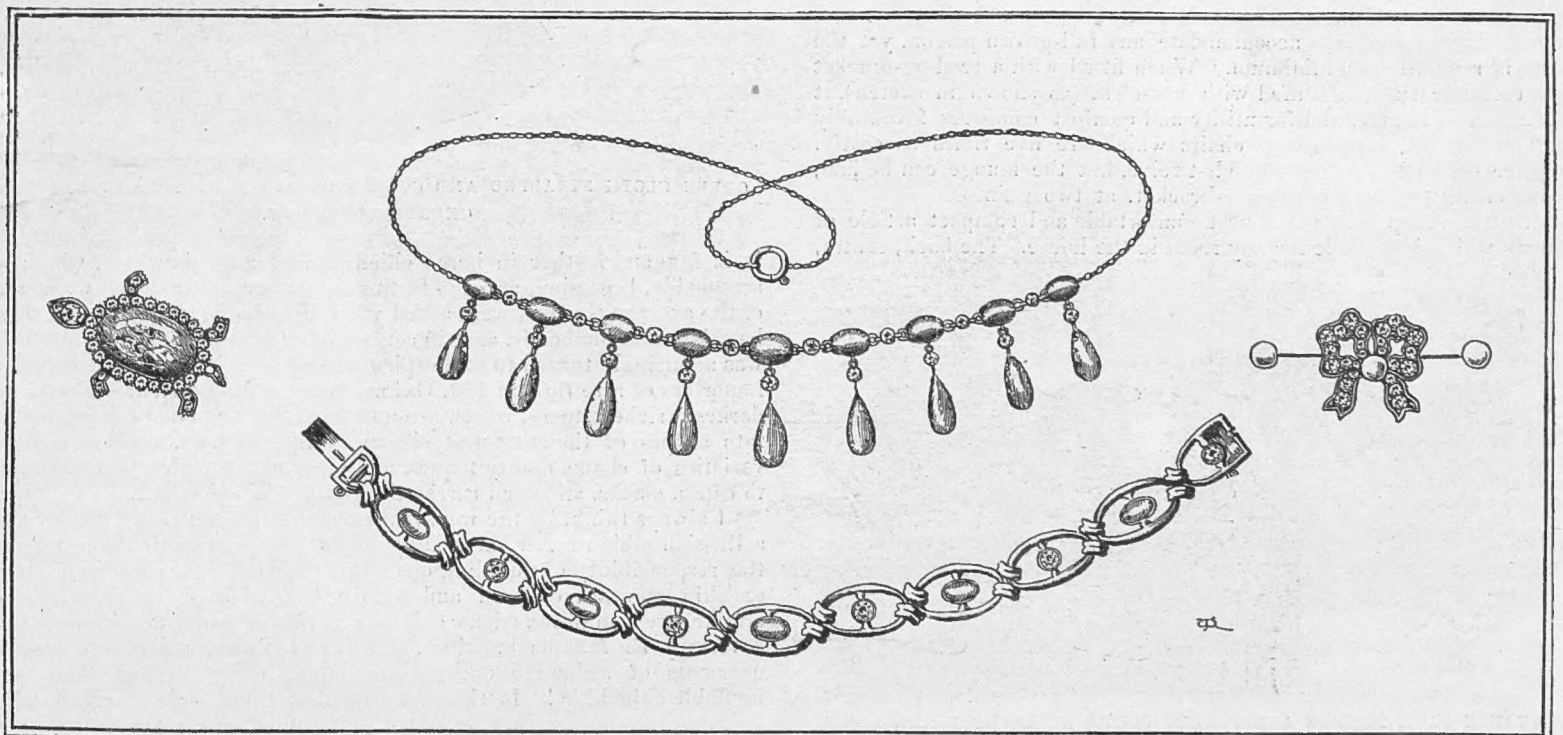
Messrs. Fuller, as usual, have prepared some dainty novelties in the way of *bonbonnières* for Christmas, and a charming little pale-blue basket is before me, tied with a wide blue ribbon. Between the bows spring up in the most natural fashion a cluster of blue convolvuli, which are so much like the real flowers that at the first glance I was almost deceived. These baskets will particularly commend themselves to the fair sex, as, when their excellent contents have been duly appreciated, the flowers will serve as an adornment to an evening-dress.

The magnificent gallery at the corner of Jermyn Street

where Messrs. Elkington and Co. exhibit their productions may be said to house one of the finest collections of modern art in London. The entrance at 22, Regent Street, though sufficiently imposing, gives one no idea of the splendidly proportioned saloons within, and when it is added that all this space is filled with the highest productions of the goldsmith's and silversmith's handicraft, little remains to be said beyond giving a few details of some unique novelties which Elkington's have prepared for the present Christmas season. One which will be highly appreciated is a bust of Edward VII. in real bronze, beautifully modelled, and to be sold at the extremely easy price of thirty shillings. The King has himself approved this model, and a larger size was sent to Sandringham on the 2nd as a birthday-gift to the Queen. Something quite new for the writing-table is also on view in the form of a cut-glass inkstand with plain, strong silver mounts, and a pair of candlesticks to match. The shape has the virtue of solidity, elegance, and of being easily cleaned, which so many over-ornate articles of daily use lack. "The Vanitas" (illustrated on the next page) aptly names a new pattern in toilet-service of solid silver, the lines of which, both in outline and design, are apart from and superior to the ordinary rudely finished toilet-service of commerce. Even to the trifling object of the silver ash-pan, the style and artistic "aloofness" of design which distinguish all the Elkington productions are noticeably apparent. There is an automatic cigar-lighter which burns twenty-four hours if required, a new shape in pocket-flasks, a new silver salts-bottle of Queen Anne pattern, the ever-useful case of teaspoons in silver and the no less durable Elkington Plate, a four-handled punch-bowl in the



ATTRACTIVE GIFTS AT DREW AND SONS', PICCADILLY CIRCUS.



NEW JEWELLERY FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT MESSRS. WILSON AND GILL'S, REGENT STREET, W.

new art-decoration, which should glorify any liquid, from beer to ambrosia, and a hundred other choice and exclusively Elkingtonian articles beside—no other word expresses them—which should be investigated by those who wish their presents to bear the *cachet* of



THE "VANITAS" TOILET-SERVICE AT ELKINGTON AND CO.'S,
REGENT STREET, S.W.

excellence and elegance. As a last word, it may be added that, to country folk who cannot get up to the "village" before Christmas, Messrs. Elkington will post a charmingly got-up catalogue free on application.

Leveson's Adjustable Lounge is a light and luxurious easy-chair and couch combined. The back can be raised or lowered to any angle, and the leg-rest can be extended so as to form a perfect support when the occupant is in a reclining position. It occupies only a small space, and, although large enough to accommodate any full-grown person, yet the weight is reduced to a minimum. When fitted with a reading-bracket and a cretonne cushion stuffed with horsehair (as shown in sketch), it forms a perfect lounge, and for utility and comfort compares favourably with many of the cumbersome chairs which are five times as costly. The price complete is three-pounds-twelve, but the lounge can be had, without either cushion or reading-bracket, at two guineas.

Leveson's Ilkley Couch is a most comfortable and compact article of furniture which is suitable for any room in the house. The back, centre,

and front part are all adjustable, and can be arranged to suit any required position, thus affording complete rest. It can also be used quite flat, as an ordinary bed or sofa, and when not in use it can be instantly folded up in a small compass. The weight is so light that a maid-servant can easily carry it, and it can be, therefore, conveyed from room to room without assistance. The price brings it within the reach of all, as it is supplied complete, with mattress covered with a neat cretonne; from three and a-half guineas to seven guineas, according to the finish. The reading-stand which is illustrated is a separate article, and the prices range from one to four guineas.

With the touch of extra-sharp weather to which we have been treated this week, the thoughts of lovely woman turn lightly, like the young man's fancy in spring, to an object of *also*—I will not say *equal*—perennial interest, only, instead of the eternal feminine, as in his case,

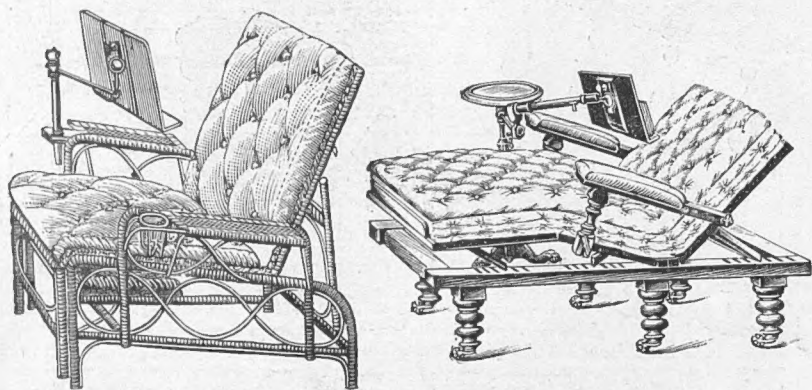


[Copyright.]

GREEN CLOTH STRAPPED AND COLLAR OF SABLE BY POLAND AND SON,
OXFORD STREET, W.

it is furs and feather in hers—chiefly the former, however, which are seasonable, becoming, and comforting. I suppose, if a dozen women out of the average thirteen were asked what they chiefly long to own, it would be sables and diamonds, and, in connection with the former, my attention was admirably turned to some splendid models at Poland's, the renowned importers of rare furs, at 190, Oxford Street. Magnificent sables of the darkest, richest tones, which are now so difficult to obtain, were worked into shapes of the extremest elegance—tippets, boas, muffs in a dozen varieties of shape, dainty toques, and other costly trifles of toilette, up to capes, cloaks, and even carriage-rugs of regal splendour.

I always think, by the way, that extravagance can go no further than a Russian sable rug, and invariably sympathise with the footman who has the responsibility of guarding one while his mistress is shopping. Long sealskin mantles, collared and with revers of sable or chinchilla or ermine, are also in luxurious evidence at Poland's—as are besides such coverings *de luxe* as broadtail, black and white, made into outdoor garments of seductive outline and detail, curly Persian lamb, the ineffable chinchilla! Is there any fur that gives smarter effect when made up into bolero, cape, or coat? Of course, an enormous variety of less costly furs, such as mink, marmot, and fox, are on parade.—SYBIL.



ADJUSTABLE CANE LOUNGE AND ILKLEY COUCH AT LEVESON AND SONS',
NEW OXFORD STREET.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on December 27.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE good Bank Return was all in favour of Consols and other gilt-edged securities, and, on the principle that it never rains but it pours, everybody about Capel Court is convinced that the Boers are at their last gasp, and that, instead of a further issue of Two-and-three-quarter per Cent. Consols, the money requisite for finishing off the struggle will be raised by some sort of South African Loan guaranteed



THE LE ROI MINE, ROSSLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

by the Home Government. It looks very much as if those of our readers who took our advice and bought Goschens at 91½ will, after all, have got in near the bottom, for it is wonderful, when the tide turns, how fast it sometimes flows.

THE DEPRESSION.

Everybody has been asking his neighbour what is the matter with the Stock Exchange and why everything is so depressed, and the answer is by no means easy. In Kaffirs and Rhodesians the War affords an all-sufficient explanation, while for the drop in Copper, West Australians, and Jungle shares there are special causes which, on their face, are reasonable enough; but is the fall in Consols, Colonials, and Home Rails the cause or the effect of the depression through which Stock Exchange matters are passing? We are inclined to think that the uncomfortable position of Home Rails has been the real explanation, and, more than anything else, has contributed to the almost hopeless stagnation which is so self-evident in every department. The backbone of the Stock Exchange has always been the small-investing public, who have for years purchased Home Rails with their savings, and have been accustomed to see their stocks go higher, and consequently their capital increase, from year to year, and we think the trouble began by the alarm, which increased working expenses and curtailed dividends have engendered in the great mass of such investors.

Everyone knows at least half-a-dozen people the chief part of whose income is derived from solid investments in things like London and North-Western or Great Western Railway stocks—people whose incomes ranged from £500 to £1500 a-year, and who looked upon this as certain to come in, and arranged their establishments accordingly. This year the man with £500 a-year will probably get £350, and all the others suffer in proportion—a matter of no very great moment if it were a temporary inconvenience only—but, what is worse than the loss of income, the victims are in a state of uncertainty as to the years to come, and the man who thought he was worth thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds finds that he could realise scarcely ten thousand. The little Railway shareholder has been thoroughly frightened, and, for reasons we need not detail, the holder of many Industrial shares is in the same state. What wonder, then, that for the time being he is not only inclined to bank his spare cash, but to realise his investments and hoard the proceeds? It has been like a run on a bank; you have only to set a few depositors withdrawing and the crowd will grow of itself.

THE LE ROI OUTLOOK.

In those black days of the latter part of last year, when the Westralian and British Columbian markets were smitten hip and thigh through the iniquitous London and Globe smash, Le Roi shares, one of the most prominent of the Whitaker Wright group, were standing nearer six than five pounds apiece. Since then, they have been 9½, but within the last week they have dropped to the lowest price recorded in 1901, touching 4½ the other day. The keenest discussion rages round the shares. Either they are cheap or they are dear. At the present price it is hardly likely they will long remain, for Mr. Frecheville's report is due as soon as that gentleman lands, it being understood that he is writing it on board ship. Let us recapitulate the points in the case. Mr. Macdonald, the previous Manager of Le Roi, estimated that there

were about one and three-quarter millions of tons of good stuff in sight, but the Board, desirous of an entirely new estimate, sent out one of their number, Mr. Frecheville, who for many years was with Messrs. John Taylor and Sons, to prepare an independent report. The first news from Mr. Frecheville was of a very disappointing character, and gave a fresh colour of truth to the bears' statements regarding the mine's capacity. The new report practically halved Mr. Macdonald's figures, besides saying that the ore was probably not so rich as had been previously estimated. The market bears supplemented this with renewed assertions as to the pinching-out of the mine. And now the market is on the tenter-hooks of expectation concerning Mr. Frecheville's report, due so soon. We should imagine that the eagerly anticipated document, coming from so high an authority, will be sober and cautious in tone, and for this reason will probably encourage the bears rather than the bulls. The immediate present is, in our opinion, no time to buy Le Roi, for, although the shares are standing at some 10 per cent. discount, there is room for a further fall, from which only an exceedingly optimistic report (hardly to be expected from Mr. Frecheville) can save them.

OUR THROGMORTON STREET STROLLER.

The Stroller strolled up to his broker's offices in Warnford Court, the other day, and was met with the polite intimation that the object of his visit was engaged. "Would Mr. S. be good enough to wait a few minutes."

The Stroller dropped into a chair by the fire and picked up a newspaper.

"Which is the best financial daily?" he asked his young escort who had taken him round the House some three weeks ago.

"It's quite a matter of taste, sir. We have both the *Financial News* and *Financial Times* here. My chief likes the *Times*. He says it is more enterprising than the other, but the *News* is best for the foreign telegrams, it seems to me. They are both the bane of our life, though."

"How is that?" asked The Stroller.

"Oh, the prices they quote are often very misleading! It isn't the fault of the papers, of course, but the people who supply the quotations do give them such ridiculously close prices in things where there is no market, as to—as to—," and he lost the end of his sentence.

"I see," nodded the caller. "We outsiders expect you to do at least as well as the papers call the shares, but you cannot always get dealing quotations within such narrow limits as are given, eh?"

Verily The Stranger was improving.

"That's at, sir. And then—but I think our client is going now."

The sanctum door stood partially open, and above the rustle of femininities there arose a tireless, breathless voice—

"Good-morning Mr. B. oh good-morning and if you will kindly buy me the Doulton 5 per cent. Preferences which you recommend I shall be so much obliged and I will sell the Rhodesian Mining shares and never touch Mines again no never and please get me twenty Knights if you think they will go up as I think you said and I will send a cheque for the difference next settling-day good-morning . . ."

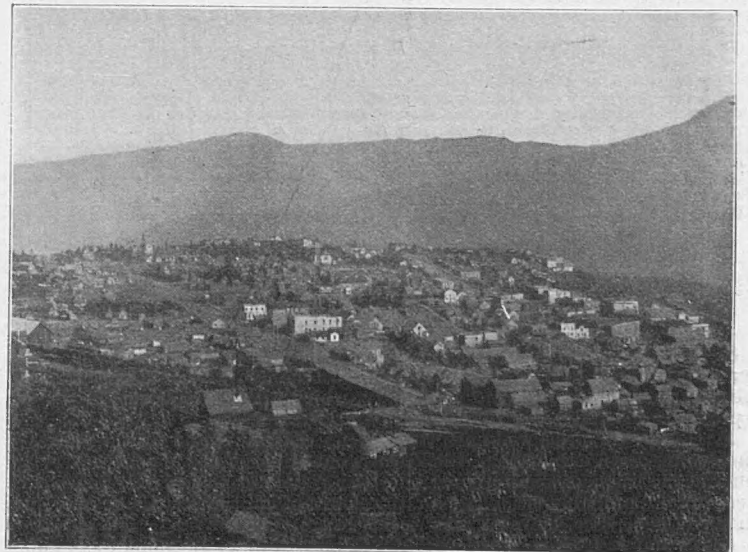
"Come in, Mr. S. Sorry to have kept you waiting," said the tenant of the offices.

"Why is she going to sell her Rhodesians?" inquired The Stroller, smilingly. "I am a small holder of Rhodesian shares myself, and hoped that we should see things better there instead of worse."

"I am by no means sure that she is not right," returned his new-found friend. "You know—or perhaps you are too busy to study the Companies' reports very closely—that many of these Rhodesian concerns are awfully hard-up for money."

"Now, don't say 'Reconstruction,'" The Stranger besought.

"'Pon my word, I think that's what many of them must come to before they are put on their steady feet again. I myself am far from being sweet on Rhodesians after the depletion of their cash resources during the War. Of course, there are a few Companies which are in an excellent position—"



ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY: ROSSLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA, FROM LE ROI MINE.

"Chartered?" inquired The Stranger, whereat The Broker laughed and told him that Chartered were a law unto themselves.

It took our friend all the afternoon to arrange the private business which had brought him to town, and the street-lamps were alight before he found himself free for the evening. The magnetic influence of Throgmorton Street was upon him, and he turned into the Jungle outside the Stock Exchange.

"Anything going on?" asked a clean-shaven gentleman with his top-hat tilted very far back on his head.

The person addressed regarded him with whimsical woe. "Anything-going-on!" he repeated, in tones of despair. "Why, there's no market for anything to go on in."

"Wonder what Fanti Consols are?" The Stroller must have soliloquised audibly, for a man turned round and told him the price.

"Good enough to hold, aren't they?"—our friend was quickly learning the Stock Exchange phrases.

"M'yes," replied the unknown. "That is, if any mortal thing is good enough to hold in this brute of a market. I only wish I had bagged my profits four months ago and started jobbing in Yankees."

The Stroller made a mental note to sell his West Africans in the morning.

"Why don't you start jobbing in Americans now?" demanded a friend. "Because, you ass, they all say the market is tottering to its fall—"

A sudden push from behind left a vacant space on the kerbstone.

"Can't stand men who talk like Macaulay or Bulwer-Lytton wrote," explained the assaulter, taking the assaultee's arm. "Come and let's have a look at the American market, sonny."

The Stroller followed, but lost his quarry in the press of the Kaffir crowd.

"Deep-level calleth unto Deep," quoth a jobber, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I have been dealing in Deeps all day, and I must say it pays better than losing money on Westralians."

"Westralians are too scandalacious altogether for the public to take 'ny interest in," returned another. "Hang it! the Kaffir Market is the only market where any public confidence is left."

"People aren't taking many even of Kaffirs at the moment," the first speaker declared.

"They will when the market begins to boom," was the sage retort.

"And will that be soon?"

"Strange how desire doth oft outrun performance," the other quoted. "We are all pining for a Kaffir boom, yet not many of us dare prophesy its coming. Still, I am decently hopeful about it."

"In what direction, to be practical?"

"Jumpers, May Consolidated, and Wolhuters I have gone for. They're not Deeps, you know, but—"

"Mind your collars, gents—" The crowd parted before the facetious cabman and his vehicle, and The Stroller turned westwards.

"My dear chap, it's a perfectly safe thing, I tell you! D'you think I should put you into—?"

"But I don't want to go a bear of Missouri's," replied the oppressed one. "I dare say it is all right, but I have no fancy for selling any Yankees on spec. It's too dangerous."

"All sereno! Go and lose all your money on the bull tack, and then you will have to beg, borrow, or steal for a living. Which would you rather?"

"Steel Preferred. Accent on second syllable. Night-night, old fellow!" and the jester turned away. The Stroller smiled and called a hansom. "Frascati's, Cabbie."

Saturday, Dec. 7, 1901.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. S.—We do not see much hope for your proposed look-ups, and, for the purpose you want, prefer Little Trunks. For our own money, we would rather invest in a few Hardebeck and Bornhardt Ordinary, which will return about 14 per cent. at present price and are likely to have a good year.

F. G. B.—As far as we know, there is no especial reason for the shares you name going down except that Rhodesia is out of fashion. We have very little belief in the whole of Charterland; but, with peace established over South Africa, there would probably be a rise in the shares of all the best Companies, yours among others. See, however, this week's Notes.

SANDS and A. O. K.—We never intended anything so sweeping as you appear to imagine, and will return to the subject at an early date.

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